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The names of characters and places appearing in fictional stories are purely imaginary and any reference to living persons is only coincidental. The Editor does not accept responsibility for the views expressed by contributors.



INDIA MAGAZINE

Leading National Monthly

VOLUME I

FEBRUARY 1957

No. 12

GRAVE DANGER TO PEACE

WHEN Sir Anthony Eden resigned, the rest of the world thought that Britain was penitent but nothing could be farther from the truth than this supposition. Sir Winston Churchill, the old war-monger, is still at his game, and his choice has fallen on Mr. Harold Macmillan. The difference between Sir Anthony and the new Premier is between tweedledum and tweedledee, and it is significant that Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is being retained at the Foreign Office.

It is not likely that Britain and France will go to war with Egypt again but they may do everything to rob the Middle East of peace and stability. Whether they are giving indirect support to Israel and inciting her to defy the United Nations time alone will show. At the time of writing this, Israel has not yet withdrawn from the Gaza strip.

There has been considerable surprise in Asia that following upon the Nehru-Eisenhower talks the cold war is to be extended into the Middle East region. Mr. Eisenhower's plan to use armed forces to resist Communist aggression will defeat the very object he has in view. The Arab countries would be the first to appreciate it if the President chose to act through the United Nations as he had done at the time of the Anglo-French-Israeli aggression. Now, in counter-blast to this move, the Soviet and the Chinese Premiers have pledged themselves to the protection of the Arab countries.

A Short Story

LOVE IS GLORIOUS!

By PADMA RAJAN

THAT evening I had to sit very late in the office. I had instructions from the Manager to wait until 9 p. m. for a wire from Singapore. Ours is a shipping clearance agency and being a raw recruit as a junior clerk, my seniors bossed over me and insisted that one way to learn was to remain in office until the servants rattled their keys. Usually I cleared off by 8 but that day they told me the telegram wouldn't arrive before 9.

The two servants were dozing at the entrance, and I was sitting in the hall, looking at the clock now and then. My only companion was Damodar, the auditor, who spent two hours every evening at my office. He did part-time work, going through the accounts of the day and would leave the office with me. He was a very well-built, middle-aged man, wearing thick glasses. He would pore over the books and seldom talk.

I was reading through a bright-jacketed novel just to kill the time when Damodar yawned loudly and turned towards me to speak. "Mr.

Venkat, do you know that love is a glorious thing? Why, aren't you married, young man?"

I was intensely surprised at his manner of speech. He was quiet and taciturn and I never knew him to talk to anyone about anything except his own business. My colleagues usually referred to him as a mummy. So I was startled and it took me some minutes before I could collect myself and answered him.

"Yes, sir, I married last year. My wife and I are living together in Moorthy Street," I replied.

"I AM surprised at you young man," he remarked, with a warming smile. "I see you wasting the most precious time of the day in the musty atmosphere of the office. Anybody would expect you to take out your wife every evening to the theatre, the cinema, the temple, the park, or the station. Aren't you in love?"

I gasped. The man who looked so sober and grave revealed now an unsuspected side of his character. He



His blood boiled....

evidently had something interesting to say and I was eager to listen.

"You see, sir," I told him. "I happened to marry my own paternal aunt's daughter. You can't call her pretty. But she is attractive, if you can see the subtle difference. It wouldn't be true to say that I am in love with her. But I am fond of her really and Yashoda is devoted to me. I am of opinion, sir, that when relatives marry among themselves love is out of the question. It doesn't come even after marriage. Don't you agree?"

"You seem to be more experienced than your age warrants," laughed Damodar. "I can't answer that question offhand though I wouldn't rule it out in all cases. A sweeping generalization wouldn't be very wise. But

take it from me, Venkat, love is a glorious thing while it lasts, though it may have the duration of a rainbow."

"I am sure you know much better than myself, sir," I conceded. "Probably you are going to tell me about it, either from observation or personal experience."

"You are a shrewd fellow, Venkat," observed Damodar. "Well, I shall tell you the story of a friend. His name was Narsingh."

By this time one of the servants brought us two cups of steaming coffee. We sipped at them with considerable relish in silence. The auditor took out a spotlessly white kerchief from his pocket and carefully wiped his mouth.

Narsingh was a company promoter in those days (be-

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gan Damodar). He was young and energetic and very handsome, too. He was earning a decent amount and after sending a regular remittance to his parents who were residing in a village near Guntur, he had enough money to keep himself in comfort. He threw his money on friends and drinks and was determined to remain a bachelor until a pretty lass from Malabar changed his mind.

KANTI was her name and, true to it, she was radiant

with beauty and health. She had a dazzlingly fair complexion and tresses of hair that reached below her knees. And, when she smiled, young man, showing two perfect rows of pearly teeth, she could hypnotise any man. She was working as a nurse in the local Hospital, and Narsingh often had occasion to go there with a friend whose wife was undergoing treatment there for weeks.

One dark night, as Narsingh was waiting for his



....to see the two making love....

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friend to come out, he saw his dream girl sailing with all her grace across the road to reach the other wing of the Hospital, when a huge car was racing recklessly towards her. She would have been knocked down had he not seized her shoulder with his right arm and swung her back to the side-road. For just one moment she glared at him in burning anger but then she realised that he was her saviour she turned a grateful smile upon him in all its glow. She admired also the strength of his muscle and the agility of his athletic figure. Remember, Venkat, that with just one arm he had lifted this woman.

She allowed him to take her to places. They met at the hotel and talked over lunch. They went to the pictures and whispered sweet nothings in a the dark. He waited for her until she finished her work in the ward and took her to his own room.

BEFORE long they found that they were deeply and violently in love with each other. This Narsingh was a cricketer and famous swimmer and had a fine, magnificent body. She in her turn was like a goddess in ivory, vibrant with the spirit of youth and enthusiasm. Free from the inhibitions of caste and the tyranny of social conventions she adored and loved him. And the next inevitable step was taken when he

married her before a registrar and set up home.

HE allowed her to continue her career in the Hospital. It being a non-official institution, the authorities took no notice of her new status. But, as they say, the path of true love never runs smooth. There were complications to make them sad and miserable. Narsingh's parents strongly disapproved of this marriage outside their fold and they sent their friends and relatives to the city to persuade the young man to desert the young woman and go away to another city.

Narsingh set his face against this move. He declared that he would stand by his beloved even if the whole world stood against him. After prolonged discussion and argument, the community to which Narsingh belonged ostracised him and the sad mad parents were compelled to disown their only son. His remittances to them were refused and returned. Narsingh knew that they were starving. He tried to send them money by a messenger but they would not see him.

His agony was made more unbearable when first his father died and then his mother. But he could not go to his own village and cremate them. They had the funeral of paupers. With a stout heart and a forced smile he put up with all this suffering. He woke up one night to find

Kanti sitting on the bed and weeping quietly. He gathered her in his arms, wiped her tears with a towel and asked her whether he had done anything to offend her. She said amidst her sobs that it was heart-rending to see him suffer so many insults and cruel blows for the sin of having married her and even begged of him to abandon her and live his own life. He covered her face with his kisses and forbade her to talk to him in that vein. At last, she smiled through her tears, leaned her lovely head on his shoulder and went to sleep.

LATE one evening he staggered home and threw himself on the bed in a state of sheer exhaustion. He had been swimming in the pool with some of his friends for longer hours. Only six days prior to this incident he had recovered from a severe attack of fever and Dr. Anantan, the new physician of the Hospital, had warned him not to exert himself for a month and advised him to take complete rest. He even suggested that the couple might go to a hill resort and spend some days there. But Narsingh laughed. The fever had acted as nothing more than a flea-bite, he said.

The next morning he found that he couldn't get up. He was running, temperature again. Kanti was alarmed. She ran to the Hospital and fetched Dr. Anantan who diagnosed him carefully. He

gave him an injection and prescribed some powders. The fever subsided after three days and the patient recovered his consciousness.

He urged Kanti to go to the Hospital and promised to look after himself until her return in the noon. She went away, closing the door. Then he made the most dreadful discovery concerning himself. He could not get up. His right arm wouldn't move. So his right leg. What could be the meaning of this, oh lord? He gave himself a violent jerk but he would have fallen from the cot had he not steadied himself with his left leg and left hand. A nameless fear gripped his mind. Perhaps he was going to die in a few hours. He shouted the name of his bloved though he knew she was away in the Hospital. Then another cruel truth dawned on him. There was no sound issuing from his mouth. His tongue wouldn't move. He remembered well that he had spoken to his wife in clear, ringing tones two hours ago. What had happened now?

HE then realised it all in a flash. He must have had a stroke after his wife's departure. The right part of his body, as a result, had been paralysed and he couldn't speak! By God! What had he done to merit this punishment on the earth? Could it mean endless, eternal torture of body and mind? Uptill a few days ago he had

gloried in his splendid, he-
man physique that women
admired. What of his own
wife, the fairest of the fair,
a beauty queen among wo-
men? Would she still conti-
nue to love him? Did his
parents in their misery lay a
curse on him? No, no. Perish
the thought. He knew they
loved him to the last but were
victims of circumstances be-
yond their control and had to
take the line with orthodox
opinion. He swooned away.

WHEN he woke up far into the
night he found himself in
a hospital bed with Dr. Anan-
tan bending over him.
"Don't worry, Narsingh," he
assured him. "You are in
safe hands here, and we will
do everything to speed up
your recovery."

Then he left. He heard
muffled sounds of someone
weeping. He found that it
was his wife. Her face was
red like a ripe tomato and her
eyes were like eternal foun-
tains from which tears were
gushing. He raised his left
hand and patted her on the
shoulder.

Weeks rolled into months.
He had indeed lost count of
them. The Hospital authori-
ties were most considerate
and sympathetic towards him.
Dr. Anantan and two ex-
perts examined him at regular
hours, but they gave up after
eight long months. They
admitted the uselessness of
the treatment and advised
Kanti to have him removed.

She herself readily agreed to
their suggestion as having to
work in the Hospital with an
ailing husband in it proved
too much for her.

Back in his old bed, Nar-
singh's mind became more
alert and he began to think
furiously. How long was he
to drag on this miserable
existence? His savings had
been exhausted and he could
depend only on his wife's
income. This was shameful
and humiliating, his having
to be fed by his wife.

That evening, he witnessed
an incident that sent his blood
boiling. Thinking that he
was sleeping, Kanti had gone
to the outer room and was
talking in a low voice with a
visitor who was none other
than Dr. Anantan. He laid
his hand on her shoulder and
whispered something to which
she nodded her head. Nar-
singh was watching them
through the window. The
Doctor suddenly took her in
his arms and kissed her on
the lips. Then they moved
away from the window,
into the interior of the
room and he left her after
a time.

NARSINGH felt the blood
pounding in his ears and the
heart threatened to burst his
body. This was an outrage
he could not bear. So this
woman was no better than a
slut who would sell her
charms to any male bidder!

Then he thought of a plan.
When the door opened and

Kanti entered he pretended to
be asleep. She called him
tenderly but he would not
open his eyes. She threw a
rug on the floor right under
the rim of his cot so as to
keep near him, arranged her
pillows and went to sleep.

It was midnight. The light
had been switched off but the
room was bathed in a flood of
moonlight. He opened his
eyes and slowly cast them
down. His wife was sound
asleep, and her lips were part-
ed in a smile. With careful
aim and a tremendous exer-
tion he heaved himself from
the bed and crashed down
towards the woman. She rent
the very ceiling of the room
with her loud shrieks and
struggled to free herself from
his clutches. With both his
hand she grabbed at her hair,
suddenly got up on his feet,
then going back a few paces,
gave her a kick with his right
foot that sent her knocking
against the wall.

BUT she was a sensible wo-
man. She switched on the
light and gazed at her hus-
band through blood dripping
from her nose. A shock of
her lovely hair had been torn
and there was blood trickling
from her head as well. Pant-
ing, he stood against the wall,
in full control of his limbs,
his eyes blazing with
scorn and contempt for the
woman whom he had wor-
shipped all these days.

She suddenly ran towards
him and humbled herself by
gripping his feet with both

her hands, unmindful of the
blood that covered her face.
"Kill me if you want, dear-
est!" she begged. "But say
you have forgiven me. I
will never repeat it!"

Slowly he lifted her up,
wiped the blood off her face
and helped her to apply first
aid. He spoke not a word but
he showed that he cared for
her, that he had forgiven the
woman who brought back his
life....

DAMODAR lit his cigar at the
end of his narrative and
smoked on in silence.

"Where are they now?"
asked Venkat. "Do they
have children? Do they con-
tinue to love each other?"

"They still live together, I
know. But, you see, Damo-
dar had to go in for a new job.
But don't ask me more."

The phone began to ring.
With a curse the young man
went into the Manager's
room and took up the receiver.
"Yes, this is the shipping
clearance office. Whom do
you want please? There is
nobody here. It is nearing
nine. Kanti from the city
Hospital? I see. But there
is no one by the name of
Narsi... You mean, Narsingh
Damodar? Yes, wait a minute
and hold on the line. I think
he is here."

He came out towards the
auditor smiling. "My dear
sir, there is no need for you
to go on with that narrative.

—Please See Page 16

HER LAST FLING

"ARE you going out now, Prabha dear?" asked her mother. "I see you have already taken your hand-bag and umbrella. Have you forgotten that your marriage is coming off day after tomorrow and that our relations are arriving here by the midnight passenger?"

Prabha smiled. "Mother, the one great defect with you is you still think me to be your baby in arms. Do you forget that I will be thirty-two next Thursday and that I was till yesterday secretary to the head of a biscuit manufacturing company? How can I afford to forget that I am to marry Maghnath, the widower with two son by his first wife, and that thereby I will be making my mother the happiest woman?"

"There, there, my darling, you begin to mock at me again. Don't talk in that strain. You sound to me as if your heart is not in this marriage. You must be proud to marry Maghnath, dear. Indeed, any girl will be. Though he is forty years, he is very handsome and strong. He is manager of the biggest bank in the city and owns a bungalow and a car. He knows that you were running around with that blighter Ravindran. All the same, he says he likes you immensely and has promised every com-

fort to make you happy. Hasn't he, darling?"

Prabha looked bored though she respectfully listened. "Yes, mother, Maghnath is a very nice man and I have already learnt to like him. My only grievance is that he is not such a dashing debonair chap as Ravindran. He is a bit oldish, too. But then, mother, it is like the pot calling the kettle black. I am thirty-two and I am having great difficulty in hiding the streaks of gray in my hair."

Story By SIMHA

"But you look as beautiful today as when you were in your teens, my precious darling. Whoever says that my daughter lacks charm or attraction is a blind fool," cried her mother.

Prabha embraced the old woman and laid her cheek against hers. "I know, mother, I am the only beautiful girl in your eyes. Well, won't you let me go and spend the last minutes of my premarital freedom as I choose? I am going to the 'Regal Talkies' on the outskirts of the city, where a fine Hindi picture is running. Leela, my friend, will be waiting for me there and she will return with me here for a cup of tea. I am sure to be here two hours before the arrival of our relations, mother. Won't you let me have this last fling, as you may call it?"

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"All right, Prabha. Bring Leela here and we shall treat her to cakes, fruits and tea. I shall be expecting you by 9 p. m. sharp."

RATHER keen was Prabha's disappointment when she did not find Leela at the theatre. But the picture was really superb and entertaining and she almost split her sides with laughter. The story revolved round a middle-aged heroine who wanted to marry a young man. She covered her partial baldness with a wig of hair and exerted all her charms and blandishments only to discover that the 'young' man was not so young. His false denture which he had left in the bathroom for cleaning betrayed his age. But they ultimately married, each allowing for the other's shortcomings.

Prabha remembered that this was probably her last chance to marry. In the course of her career, first as a stenographer and later on as secretary she had met some young men including Ravindran and had fallen head over heels in love with them. She realised bitterly how they had flirted with her and let her down to marry some girl of their parents' choice. How great and noble it was of Maghnath to assure her that he would never question her past and that it would be no concern of his. She wished she had asked him to take her to this picture. He, too, would have enjoyed it.

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The tower clock was striking ten when she hurried to the bus stop. It had begun to rain heavily but she put up her umbrella and was waiting for the bus, looking wistfully up the road. She became rather apprehensive when she noticed that she was all alone at the stop. She had almost decided to walk back to the theatre three furlongs off and hire a taxi. The rain and wind had become furious; her flimsy silk umbrella could hardly battle with them. She still hoped that the bus would come and pick her up.

Just then the glare of the headlights of a small motor car almost dazzled her blind. She averted her eyes and inclined the umbrella down to shut out the light. Then she heard a familiar voice accost her. "Hey, Prabha! Don't you know that it is 10.30 and the last bus has gone to the shed? Come on, get in, I say."

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IT was Ravindran calling to her. He was sitting at the wheel of his Morris Minor and had somehow spotted her at the bus stop. She felt relieved and with exclamations of delight hopped in. "Thank you very much. Ravindran, for this timely lift. I had been to the 'Regal Theatre' to see the new comedy but I shouldn't have stayed at the refreshment bar for half an hour afterwards. That was a stupid mistake and I missed the bus, as a result. For old times' sake,

Won't you drive me home, dear?"

She bit her lips at having foolishly blurted out the word 'dear'. Ravindran chuckled and stopped the car for a minute. "You haven't changed a bit, Prabha. You are as pretty and vivacious as you were five years ago. Don't you remember our midnight return in a taxi in such weather from Mahabalipuram? Come to the front and sit next to me, won't you?"

"I AM drenched a little, Ravin, and the back seat is more comfortable."

"That is all right," said Ravindran, starting the car again. "I will drop you at your home in twenty minutes. I shall take the new road that runs through the fields and save seven minutes. Any news, Prabha? It is ages since I saw you."

"I am to be married to Maghnath, the bank manager, day after tomorrow. Aren't you going to congratulate me?" she asked in a loud tone.

"Ho, ho, ho!" he laughed and turned back just for a second, stretching his left hand. It proved to be a disastrous moment. The car skidded off the road, dashed into a field, turned turtle and came to a dead stop in a muddy pool of water. Loud was the woman's scream as she was thrown out of the car while Ravindran knocked his

head against the wheel and was lying in a heap inside the vehicle. Luckily for them, the driver of another car which followed picked up Prabha and extricated Ravindran. With the help of a farmer living in a hut on the road-side, he went for an ambulance which rushed them to the hospital.

Three hours later Prabha recovered consciousness but was still too dazed to realise what had happened to her. The doctor who was a tall man with a kindly face told her that she could go home after two hours or in the morning if she preferred.

"What about Ravindran?" she asked, suddenly recollecting the accident.

"Ah, the young man?" grunted the doctor. "He has not yet regained consciousness, madam. Something has gone wrong with his spine, I think. But I am sure his life is not in danger. He may have to remain in hospital for weeks. I presume you are his wife?"

HOW embarrassing it was for her to tell the doctor that she was only a friend of Ravindran? She was blushing and stammering as she was replying to the thousand and one questions that a police Sub-Inspector was asking her about the details of the accident, her relationship with the young owner of the car, and soon.

(To be Continued in March issue)

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WANTED!!

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IN THE LAND OF NOD!

To see the Land of Nod, you need not take any special train. You need not spend a pie to get there. It is here, there and everywhere. For those who want to go into that land, where no caste, creed or colour restrictions are observed—all they have to do is, to give a couple of yawns and relax, and there they are, sailing gently, peacefully along the spacious highways of the country, till they are rudely jerked back into this busy world of noise and unrest.

You can meet the subjects of King Nod, anywhere and everywhere. But for heaven's sake, do not look into a mirror; you might find one there. For the present, let us leave ourselves out of it, and laugh at the next person.

The moment you get up from bed, till the minute you lay down your head (no, not that second five minutes' doze which is apt to extend itself into half an hour or more, but the night's rest is what I am thinking of), you meet sleepy faces everywhere. Those who have just got up, rub their eyes, stretch their limbs, yawn prodigiously, and otherwise try to accustom

themselves to the idea of another day of fluster and turmoil in this world of confusion. And those, who do not get up—Heaven preserve them from people like my brother! If he gets up, he wants everybody else in that house to get up—*immediately*. From mild methods like tickling the toes, he would go even to the extremes of pouring cold water on the sleeper's head.... any method would do to make them quit their bed.

By SUDHA RANGANATHAN

EVEN the coffee that is given to us is by a none-too-wakeful wife. Probably she would be thinking of the



pouring water...

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glorious days to come, when there would be a daughter-in-law (her daughter-in-law) in the house who would be getting up in the morning to prepare the coffee, and she, the mother-in-law, would be taking it quietly in the bed.

LET us go out for a stroll in the streets. We see people rushing about, to the markets carrying bags, to the corner store for condiments urgently needed, to the newspaperstand to buy the morning 'news', children rushing next-door to ask a classmate about the homework they have forgotten—every one is rushing. Have you ever seen an early morning saunterer? Even the grandfathers who want to take an early morning walk, rush about briskly. But, appearances are deceptive. If we would but look closely at them, we can see the half-closed eyes, dreaming how cosy it would be to go back to



in office...!

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their beds and cover themselves with the blankets to shut out all this hubbub!

Even offices and schools are not immune to the attacks of King Nod, or should we call in the allurements of the Fairy Sleep?

"O sleep, it is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole!

To Mary Queen, the praise be given!

She sent the gentle sleep from heaven

That slid into my soul."

THERE are innumerable tales about clerks having been caught napping, and as many about the officers, having their 'forty winks' in the midst of conferences. There are countless occasions when the flower of the nation, the youth, has been caught relaxing in the arms of Morpheus. In spite of the dark glasses that some students wear to evade the professor from detecting their closed eyes, their heads give them away. King Nod demands of his subjects that they should bow their heads, frequently, in submission, as a token of their allegiance to him, whether they are sitting or standing. Ha! the professor's eye has caught the head nodding and he says, "Out of my class with you!"

And, then, have you seen the cartman on the village

road sleeping against the hay-loads?



On the road ...

ALL this, of course, comes to people who do not want to go to sleep at that particular moment. There are people who court sleep, and this beauty eludes them persistently. They have to take pills on pills, count up to five hundred sheep, and read books, massive volumes of them, before they can even doze for a minute. Why go to elders? Man is a perverse creature from his childhood. Look at the babies! When you want them to be awake, they just sprawl anywhere and start snoring. On the other hand, the minute you want them to sleep, you cannot get even a wink out of them. Any parent can vouch for the authenticity of the above statement. I think it was an irate mother who coined the popular nursery rhythm:

Hush-a-bye baby, on the tree top

When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;

When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and all!

I think, most others, sometime or other, do feel like this.

OF course, all this is just about entering the great King's land. Once you are inside it, you are your own master. We would all like to spend our days drowsing and the nights sleeping, but our animated world will not allow it. In dreams we are our own masters, and can dream up what we will:

"It will be good or bad as thinking makes it so."

And: "But I, being poor, have only my dreams". Dreams are as common to everybody as breathing, day-dreaming as well as dreams of other kinds....

LOVE IS GLORIOUS!

—Continued from page 9

So you became an auditor after you recovered from the stroke?" grinned Venkat. "Well, Kanti wants Narsingh Damodar on the phone. Do you mind?"

The auditor jumped and moved into the Manager's room, saying, "So that is that. But I lost my weight and strength after that illness. You must, however, see Kanti. Come to our house with me one of these nights and I will introduce you to her." (Copyright.)

INDIA MAGAZINE



By ANNA SWAMI

VIJAYA sat before the huge mirror and, dabbing the powder on her face, studied her reflection. There was the suggestion of a ring round her eyes but the sparkle in them was unmistakable. And when she brought the smile to play on her rose-red lips her beauty glowed with the effect of a flashlight on a dark night. She adjusted a rebellious curl on her forehead and ran a comb through her glossy, luxuriant hair.

"Surely not a bad figure for a woman of twenty-five," she told herself. "I am lucky that Krishna is still so deeply

in love with me. How he hugged and kissed me this morning before leaving for the office. Her young bosom heaved as she reached for the snow bottle. But she almost let it slip to the ground as she heard a knock on the door. She started like a hare and stood up, drawing her sari tight about

her shoulders.

"Hare Ram! Hare Ram!" shouted a voice.

There was a hunted look in her eyes, and terror was writ large on her face which had been radiant with happiness a few minutes ago.

"Hare Ram! Ram, Ram!" came the voice again.



She suddenly sprang into action. She darted into the kitchen, filled a big silver tumbler with rice, crossed the hall where she had attended to her toilet, and opened the outer door. There

was a mendicant of thirty years, wearing saffron clothes and holding a brass bowl. He had a beard. He bowed low before the woman. "This sanyasin, Shankar," he said, pointing to himself. "brings to you and the two children and their father the blessings of the great Nataraja, the lord of Kailas. For the charity

that you so kindly dispense to this wretched soul I invoke the blessings of the Thirumurthis. And may your tribe increase."

TWO old women in the next house peered at the mendicant from their open veranda. "He is a young but learned sanyasin, they say. He has returned from a pilgrimage to Hardwar and Banaras. He comes to Vijaya's house very often and accepts her generous alms. See how she prostrates before him. He recites a sloka now, closing his eyes," remarked one of them.

"That is why her husband gets promotion after promotion. They say he is drawing a thousand rupees a month," said her companion. "He is a widower with two children by his first wife. It is five years since he has married Vijaya. His salary was only a hundred rupees then. But the second wife is very religious and pious-minded though she is very fashionable. They are moving to Bombay, I hear."

"Poor dear!" said the first woman. "Vijaya is dying to have a child. She gives alms to all the beggars who call at her house."

Vijaya and the mendicant were talking in low tones now. She had withdrawn a little away from the doorstep, inside the hall, and the mendicant, too, had planted one foot across. They wanted

to avoid the gaze of the two hags. "I have been giving you all I can," Vijaya spoke to him with a pathetic earnestness. "I may plainly tell you that I have no money to spare. Won't you leave me in peace?"

"Is that fair?" he asked, glaring at her.

"I have been more than fair to you, haven't I? Let us face the facts squarely. Your visits and demands are driving me to a nervous breakdown. Have you no pity on me?" she asked.

"That depends upon how much of pity you can show me," he retorted.

BY this time little Radha and little Raj had come back from school, swinging their satchels and shouting merrily.

"Mother," called Radha, addressing Vijaya, "Raj says that you are taking him to the Exhibition, leaving me alone. I won't come in unless you promise to take me."

Vijaya smiled. "Father will take us all in his car, dear. Come now, you two, and fall at the feet of Swamiji. He will sing a song for us now."

Shankarji sang a delightful song, smearing ash on the foreheads of the little ones, and walked out of the house.

The children threw down the satchels, munched cakes

and drank some coffee. They went out into the street again to play with a gang of urchins. The cook, a girl of seventeen, was busy tidying up the kitchen. Vijaya went to her bedroom upstairs and shut herself up in it. She buried her face in the pillows, and wept bitterly and long. Her body was convulsed with sobs. "Oh God!" she cried to herself. "What have I done to merit this punishment?"

SHE sat up on the bed after a time and wiped the tears from her face. She leaned against the pillows, thinking hard. And the past came unreeling before her mental eye. She sighed for her dear old mother. If only she had been alive she would not have been in this terrible mess. She was such a cautious and careful woman who would grapple with any crisis and easily tide over it. With the money she had saved she enabled Vijaya to complete her high school course even though her father had died years ago.

At seventeen she was married to Shamaji, a handsome young man. You could say it was a love marriage. They were neighbours from childhood. His mother also was a widow, though with some means, and she was a good friend and companion of Kumudhini, Vijaya's mother. The boy and the girl had often played together. And when

she was at school he helped her through the lessons. One night Kumudhini casually entered the room where the two were studying for the final examination. What the old woman saw took her breath away. Vijaya was learning her first lessons in love. She was clasped in the young man's arms, and he was fiercely kissing her on the lips.

But Kumudhini was discreet. She knew that if she made any noise or shouted abuse at them the neighbours would gather round and create a scandal. She went direct to Shamaji's mother and after apprising her of the love affair, demanded that her son and Vijaya should be married off. She agreed that the wedding might be celebrated after the examination.

The marriage came off and Kumudhini did all she could to make her daughter and son-in-law happy. She enabled them to set up home separately and gave her daughter liberal monetary assistance. Shamaji was working as an assistant cashier in the bank and Vijaya's mother gave him a good part of her savings for a deposit before he could get the job.

THE young man and the young woman were ardently in love and Kumudhini was happy that she could die in peace now that her daughter had a strong and resourceful man to protect her. But this hope proved to be illusory.

One night Shamaji failed to return home and the next day the bank authorities and the police were hunting for him. Their disclosures were alarming. The young man had misappropriated Rs. 10,000 and decamped with a woman of doubtful reputation. The wires were buzzing and police stations in the State and outside had been alerted.

KUMUDHINI was a miserable woman. She developed heart trouble and knew that she would not survive this disgrace. Even assuming that Shamaji returned, the police would haul him up before the court and put him in jail for at least three years. What chance was there for him to retrieve his position and make a success of himself? Nobody would give him a job and he could never make himself decent again, not to speak of giving his wife the happiness and comfort that were her legitimate due. She was already condemned to a life of wretchedness and misery. Supposing she came to have children afterwards? It was unthinkable.

Already the old woman had lost most of her money. But her resourcefulness never failed her. She promptly sent her daughter to a teachers' training school in the city fifty miles away from the town and paid her hostel and other requisite fees in advance. And she died quietly a few months later.

When she completed her training Vijaya became teacher in a girls' school. Her smiling face, cheerful appearance and soft-spoken manners ensured her popularity with pupils and colleagues alike. But she practised a deception which her mother had engineered while she was alive. She had been readily taken in by the authorities of the training school and given all facilities when Kumudhini pleaded that her daughter was widowed. And all her friends were gushing with sympathy for Vijaya. It would not be wrong to say that the young woman herself began to imagine that she was a widow. Since two years had elapsed and police efforts to track down Shamaji had totally failed, he must have committed suicide, she was sure.

AND love came again when she met Krishna who approached her one day with a request that she should coach Radha and Raj at his home. He was a widower with these two children left by his deceased wife. His income at that time was not much though he had considerable ancestral property. He was working in the branch office of an all-India industrial firm and was slowly pushing his way up.

Within a month after their meeting Krishna and Vijaya were married before a registrar. As his career progressed Krishna was transferred from one city to another. Of

course, Vijaya had to forsake her career but she did not regret this change in her new-found happiness. Since very few were aware of her past it was generally thought that she was married as a maiden like most other girls. Her husband's influential position and wealth engendered this impression.

BUT in Bangalore, one day, Vijaya had the fright of her life when a sanyasin stole into her home in her husband's absence and asked for alms. She stared at him for full two minutes. The fungus on his face and his saffron clothes did not deceive her. It was Shamaji, her husband, posing like this to elude detection, and assuming a new name—Shankar Swamiji of Kailas. He had found out all about her, he said mockingly. But, of course, she had inherited some of the ready wit and resourcefulness of her mother. She knew Krishna would throw her out into the street if he made this discovery. So she warned Shamaji that if he started to blab she would go straight to the police and tell about him. The two then agreed to keep their secrets but the soft-hearted woman that she was, she promised him all possible help provided he maintained this pose and did not take undue advantage. Familiarity in manners, she said, would arouse suspicion and ruin them both.

Krishna did not suspect her

when she told him of the visits of a mendicant and her offerings in the form of rice, fruit and flower in order to have his blessings. He smilingly said that he had no objection and even joked that if she really wanted a baby she was going in the wrong direction. She clung to him like a creeper and whispered that new life was already stirring in her, and he held her for long in a tender embrace, his lips seeking hers in a long passionate kiss. She then began to sob and the tears came like a torrent down her cheeks but she would not explain her fears. Then she made bold to suggest to him that he should get a transfer to Calcutta or Bombay and he promised to comply.

SHE was alternating between moods of joy and despair. Shankar was pestering her every day and taking away all the money she had. She sold some of her jewels on the sly and gave him more than he wanted with the earnest plea that he must drop out of her path. But he came again and again. Now and then he assumed familiar airs but she cut him short and was curt enough to tell him off. One day she even threatened to go to the police station but he was even more threatening. He told her he would plunge a knife into her body and run off or surrender himself to the police and make a clean breast of it all.

He said many nasty things

that acted like pins thrust into a sore. The most humiliating experience of man was seeing his own wife living under another man's roof. No religion approved of this monstrosity of a married woman living with another man while her husband was alive. What status would her children occupy? Was he (Shamaj) a criminal whose hands were stained with blood? After all, he helped himself to some money. The cashier who took a larger share of the stolen amount was scot-free and continued to hold his office but he cleverly foisted the blame on him. He was more a cat's paw in his hands and had to pay this heavy price for that foolish and thoughtless indiscretion.

EVEN murderers and those who committed the worst crimes imaginable would not brook the idea of their wives turning faithless in their absence, he went on. He almost spat at her and insisted on having at least three hundred rupees on the morrow.

She heard all his blistering accusations and felt she would faint away. But, luckily for her, Radha and Raj had returned from school, and he had to stop talking. That night she made her husband promise that he would arrange for the transfer to Bombay by telegram and leave Bangalore in a week. Krishna was intrigued by her insistence but he was

anxious that her moodiness should not harm the unborn child. He had such influence and prestige that the bosses at the headquarters would oblige him to any extent.

AT noon the next day Shankar Swami came with his loud chantings but he had no need to knock at the door. Vijaya wanted to dismiss him as early as possible. She drew him in and gave him a gold necklace weighing five sovereigns, and begged of him not to see her again for at least ten days. But he would not commit himself and went off.

She closed the door and began her toilet since her husband had told her to get ready for a visit to the Exhibition. She was changing her sari when there was a knock on the door. Her blood froze and she stood rooted to the spot. But she smiled and ran to the door when she heard Krishna's voice. When he came in he took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly on the cheek.

"I have sad news for you, dear. On the way I saw an ambulance van speeding to the hospital and learnt on enquiry that the Swamiji who came here so regularly..."

"What happened to him? Hope they didn't arrest him!" she shrieked with terror-stricken eyes.

"Why should anybody arrest him?" he asked. "He

was run over by a military jeep and died on the spot."

"Oh, Shankar Swami!" she shuddered. "So you have come to this end."

SUDDENLY she drew away from him and looked calm and collected. "That was his fate and he couldn't escape it, I suppose. God is great."

"I am glad you take it all so coolly. I feared you would be upset. And now for the Exhibition. Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes, dear. Don't you see I am properly dressed? But the darlings have not come. We have to wait."

He was about to undress when there was a knock on the door. Krishna opened it to greet a Sub-Inspector of Police. He saluted him and producing a gold chain from his pocket, said that it was found in the jubba pocket of a mendicant, run over by a jeep three hours before. They had found the name "Vijaya Krishna" engraved on it. There was also the name of the jewellers, which enabled them to make a reference and elicit the information that it had been sold to Mr. Krishna. Could they throw light on the matter?

Vijaya was stunned for a minute. Then she was quick to reply. "Yes, it is ours. Swamiji wanted a necklace for use in his puja and since

his prediction about me was successful, I made him a present of my necklace—of course, with my husband's approval."

"Yes, yes," lied Krishna.

"You must have to come to the police station some day for claiming it if you want," the Sub Inspector remarked. He jotted down a few notes in his diary and departed.

"I should have told you about the gift on your arrival, dear, but your news about Swamiji's death upset me so," explained Vijaya with a smile.

"I don't grudge that gift, dear," he assured her. "Don't give another thought to it. As for our shifting to Bombay, that is settled, too."

"No," she said. "The swamiji's death is an ill omen. So cancel the arrangements, and I would like to stay on in Bangalore."

HE laughed in embarrassment. "I, too, like it that way. It was your decision, not mine, about the transfer and I got orders by telegram. All right, I will wire again, cancelling the arrangements. Oh, women, you are mysterious creatures though we can't get on without you!"

For a reply, she drew his face down to hers and went on kissing him till they were out of breath. (Copyright)

HOW TO HAVE A

IF you are among the lucky few who were born with an excellent memory, you need not read this article. If you have but to look at a printed page to remember every word on it—congratulations! You have a skill for which millions of men and women envy you: a skill which may be innate but which, according to the experts, can be acquired with painstaking practice.

Most of us, though, would be satisfied with a memory which would help us recall the small but important things

quirks from total recall to total forgetfulness or amnesia tell us that the most important requirement in memorising is your being interested in the subject to be grasped. A child who is particularly interested in history will have no trouble remembering what he has learned in the history-class while geography may go in one ear and out the other. Facts which were absorbed by an interested mind will be retained for decades, stored away safely in a compartment of the brain where they can be

TO OUR READERS

Have you got a well-written article on any subject? If so, please send it in for our consideration.

of everyday living. The shopping list which has been left at home. The letters which were not mailed on time. The house key which has been mislaid. All these can be extremely annoying. If you meet an old acquaintance on the street and can't think of her name, it can be downright embarrassing.

GENUINE INTEREST

Psychologists who have dealt with all kinds of mental

found easily, while "boring" incidents are dropped or stored away where they cannot be found.

THE TRUTH

The same lack of interest goes for anniversaries and birthdays which thoughtless husbands may forget. If they have reason to be annoyed with their wives they may use this device to unconsciously punish them, by forgetting what they should recall.

INDIA MAGAZINE

GOOD MEMORY

By E. N.

No wonder so many scenes centre around forgotten anniversaries. Women somehow feel that they are the result of a lack of interest—no matter how much their men may protest!

VERY SIMPLE

So then, you forget what you don't want to remember—be it people or incidents. But often you have to remember whether you want to or not. If you are a lawyer you cannot choose to recall only those clients you like and forget the names of those you don't like. The most important point in this situation is that you can't be expected to recall what you never got straight in the first place. The rapidly mumbled name will hardly make any lasting impression. Nor will a handshake mean anything unless you are sure whose hand you are shaking.

Before you do anything else, therefore, make sure that you have the facts you want to recall. If you didn't get the name in the first place, don't hesitate to ask. Or, as you say namaste you may honestly admit you didn't catch the name tossed to you by your busy hostess. The average person will be only too glad to respect his name, even to spell or write it for you!

So you've got the name—and it was pretty simple at that. Now make sure you attach it to the rightful owner. Here you need practice. You have seen the face, you have heard the name. Now make sure of retaining the facts. A good trick is to use the name right after you have heard it.

Now the face. Get a close look. Determine whether it's square, oblong, round. How about his hair? You'll be surprised how little you notice at first glance unless you make a very conscious effort to look and to observe. Soon it will be only a matter of seconds before you have memorised an individual's face and features and associated them in your own mind with his name.

But what about that forgotten shopping list? The house key left in the wrong handbag? Again you may have to trick your mind into remembering. Just as you are about to leave the house, do a mental review of what you are planning to do. The store is your first stop? What will you need there? The shopping list, of course. Then the post-office—have you got the letters? Finally, home—how about the house keys? Get order into your mind and

—Please See Page 32

INDIA MAGAZINE

REFUSING to take his morning meals in spite of the coaxing and persuasions of his mother, Raman left for the College of Technology, where he was Lecturer in Electrical Engineering. The very thought of food was nauseating to him today; and he obtained a peculiar sort of gratification in mortifying himself with hunger, in addition to his inconsolable disappointment and anguish on account of his being disqualified for the lucrative post in the Railways, on which job he had set his heart.

other prizes the university had to offer him.

Soon after he obtained his degree in electrical engineering, he had accepted as god-sent, because of his acute pecuniary circumstances, the post of lecturer offered him by his alma mater. But he had no intention of continuing in this teaching job, as it was poorly-paid and the future prospects were unattractive to one of his calibre. He had planned to appear for the competitive examination held yearly by the Government

He appeared for this examination, according to this plan. He was overjoyed when he learnt that he had stood first in the written examination. But, unfortunately, his plans miscarried. The intimation of medical disqualification was a tragic blow to him, as he had built all his dreams upon this job. As he was now more than twenty-five he was ineligible for selection to superior engineering posts, especially in Government. The expectations of a glorious future now vanished for ever, and a bleak and dreary one seemed to loom

It was his old classmate Venu, who was beaming and the in best of spirits.

"**HULLO!** Raman Delighted to meet you! Where have you been hiding yourself all this time?" he greeted him, and without waiting for the reply, he went on, "Have you heard the news? I have been selected for the Railway Engineering Service. Got intimation today. Congratulate me, boy!" extending his big palm for the hand-shake, Venu gopal announced brusquely, bubbling with excitement, as if he could no longer

CALLING IT A DAY!

The morning's post had brought him a communication from the selecting authorities that his acute myopia had permanently disqualified him from being eligible for employment in the Railway Service.

It was all the more heart-breaking to him because he had a brilliant academic career throughout. His entire university education was obtained through scholarships. He had obtained first rank in all his university examinations and won all the gold and silver medals and

for selection to the superior Engineering posts in the Railways because, if he were chosen he could eventually rise to one of the highest positions attainable retrained for an engineer. To be for this service was the aspiration of most engineering graduates. And despite offers of better employment elsewhere, he had stuck on to this job, because the work was less taxing and offered him considerable leisure to prepare for this examination, for which there was always a stiff competition.

before him. He was grief-stricken and sank in deep despair.

EXHAUSTED by the end of day in mind and body as a result of the day's work and disappointment, he was a picture of misery as he got into the suburban electric train for his homeward journey. He preferred travelling by third class, because during rush hours the higher classes were equally crowded.

As the train started a passenger rushed into the compartment and slumped into the vacant space beside him.

withhold himself from broadcasting the glad tidings to the whole world, particularly to his friend Raman.

But immediately Venu saw the glum and care-worn expression on Raman's face, the smile at once froze on his lips; and dropping his hand, he enquired in a low and husky voice: "What is wrong with you, Raman? You seem to be very ill. You look so pale."

In his enthusiasm, Venu gopal had entirely forgotten that both of them had appeared for the examination. It was astonishing that he was

Short Story by D. KRISHNAMURTHI

selected while Raman, the unquestionably brilliant candidate, was not. Venu felt that it must have been a terrible blow for this brilliant fellow, and he must be feeling miserable.

SIMULTANEOUSLY, Raman was also thinking about Venu. That Venu who had never been more than average in his studies, should have been successful where he had failed, was intolerable to him. An intense pang of envy now shot through him. He raged against his fate and was indignant that a great injustice was done him. Raman now realized that by burning the midnight oil he had foolishly ruined his eyes, which had set at nought all his brilliant academic career; prizes and ranks were too high a price he had paid for his eye-sight. He would be glad to exchange all his medals and first rank for Venu's perfect eyes.

When he turned to have a good look at Venu, who had been silent all this while, he saw him staring at a shapely and attractive girl of about twenty-five, seated opposite them. Venu was so engrossed in the contemplation of this beauty, that he was oblivious of Raman's presence beside him. Raman had no wish to disturb the game of hide and seek going on between Venu's eyes and hers.

Raman now glanced at the man seated opposite to him, for there was a strange and

queer air about him. He was about forty—thin, dark and small, and had a timid and frightened look. He was badly dressed in a jubba and dhoti, his hair unkempt with streaks of premature gray in them, and nearly a week's growth of unshaven beard. All these suggested that he was very poor, pulling on a hand-to-mouth life. His poverty was sad and pathetic to Raman. He also noticed that he had only one eye, the other eye being blind. This blind eye was small and shrunken into its socket, leaving a pit in it, as in persons with congenital blindness.

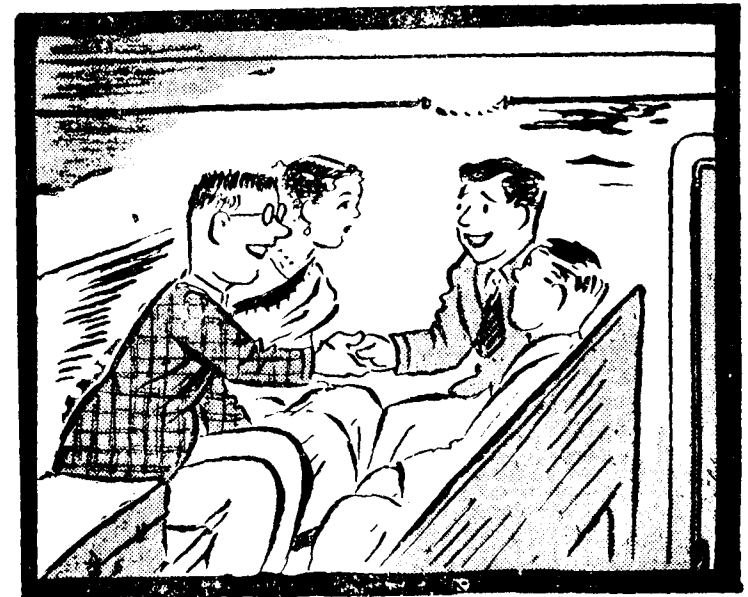
RAM saw his good eye staring at him fixedly. The steady gaze of the single eye upon him gave Raman an eerie, uncanny feeling, and scared him, as if he were being scrutinized by a non-human, animal eye with secret malice and evil intent in them. There was a look of inconcealable spite in that face. It was inconceivable to him how he was the cause of evoking such a sentiment in this stranger.

A little thinking seemed to bring him comprehension. Raman felt assured that this man bore a grudge against him, and was envying because of his good fortune in being blessed with vision in both eyes. And the reasons were not far to seek. Raman was certain that his lack of sight in

one eye (a serious handicap to one's education and securing good employment) was the contributory cause of his poverty. This blindness had not only marred his looks, but had also dragged him into poverty, with all its deprivations and sufferings. Life-long, he would ceaselessly curse his fate for this grave deficiency in him, which was to him the cause of all his woes. How he must have wished he had sight in both eyes, and imagined that all his afflictions would vanish, as if by magic, if only he were to be granted sight in

the other eye as well! How he must be envying Raman for possessing what he so cruelly lacked! Little could he have imagined that the very person who he thought was fortunate and happy, was in fact sorrowing because of his short sight, which had barred his entrance to a glorious future of wealth, position and happiness!

THE train now stopped at an intermediate station, and a blind beggar, guided by a girl of about ten, got into their compartment. As soon as the train started, the beg-



The two friends met...

gar and the girl began wailing in unison. "Blind beggar, Sir, One pice, Sir", in piteous and compassion-evoking voice. After passing the other passengers, they reached Raman's seat. The girl now guided the outstretched hand of the beggar towards Raman's opposite passenger—the one-eyed man. The beggar's thin, withered and palsied hand was thrust almost into his face. And the beggar jingled in that palm a few copper coins, wailing in the self-same refrain, "Blind beggar, Sir, One pice, Sir." The man tried to ignore the beggar's importunity for quite a while. But the beggar persisted, and asked for alms, louder and more piteously. Then slowly, as if in

anger and exasperation, the man turned his head and glared at the noxious creature. The one-eyed man now gazed fully at the pox-scarred face of the beggar, and into those sightless eyes. Then gradually the expression of wrath in his face vanished, and the anger and bitterness were replaced by pity and sympathy for the beggar's lot. Then fumbling for money in his purse, he took out an anna coin and dropped it into the palm of the beggar. At the end of the completion of this act of charity, a slow smile spread on his face, and his eyes gleamed as if a great happiness had suddenly come to him.

RAMAN was curious to know what illuminating thought had brought about such a profound transformation upon this man, who had been gloomy and sour a few moments ago.

A little effort of imagination gave him the clue to the thoughts that must have passed in that mind, and his subsequent reaction, on seeing the blind beggar. This man must be rejoicing that he was fortunate in having sight in at least one eye. The very thought that had he been totally blind like the beggar, he would have been forced to life-long beggary, must have terrified him. Instead of grumbling against his fate, he must have thanked his stars that he had escaped the



HOUSEMAID (to author): "Shall I make one clean sweep of these papers you have written, or will you throw them away, as usual, after the postman returns them?"

tragedy of the blind beggar, and found consolation and contentment in the fact that things might have been worse for him, for all he knew. His charity of an anna to the beggar seemed to be his thanksgiving to his Maker for the mercy shown in having spared him the blind beggar's tragic plight. His contact with the blind beggar brought home to him that he ought to be satisfied with his lot, and it was silly of him that he should envy those who he thought were apparently luckier.

NOW what about the beggar and his thoughts? The beggar's woes were entirely due to his blindness, Raman reflected, and surely he must be wishing that if he had had sight, even if only in one eye, he need no longer beg and pass all his life-long days in penury and dependence. How he must be envying all men who were not totally blind like him, imagining that the mere gift of sight was sufficient to bring one all happiness!

As Raman was engaged in these thoughts, his destination was reached, and he got out of the train. He lost contact with Venu in the rush at the exit. Haunted by the incidents in the train, he walked

home in a deeply meditative mood.

AFTER having his meal, he went to bed early. Lying in the bed he brooded over the happenings in the train. As he now thought over them they seemed to be pregnant with profound meaning, emerging from the coincidence of the presence of all four of them in the train, his friend Venugopal, the one-eyed man, the blind beggar and himself, and their reactions upon one another. To begin with, he was being consumed with envy of Venu's success; the one-eyed man first envied him, but on meeting with the beggar all his bitterness and envy had gone, bringing him consolation; and lastly, the easily imaginable thoughts of the beggar and his envy of them all.

It now struck Raman that it was really foolish that they should be bemoaning their lot and envying one another thus, little realizing that there was no real cause for such bitterness, for each one of us had his own woes. The thought that it might have been worse should bring consolation and help us to enjoy and make the best of what we already possessed,

reflected Raman. It was stupid and futile to grumble and murmur against fate, imagining that we are victims of injustice and that others are more fortunate. The cause of most of our happiness was due to our ignorance, which was a thin but effective veil which prevented us from perceiving reality. But a little deeper vision could pierce through this veil and enable us to see truth, and attain happiness. The thought came to him that while with one hand God lavishes gifts upon certain individuals, he also snatches away some with the other, as a counter-balance, lest these men should become haughty, cruel and tyrannous. And with equal justice, what is taken away from man is restored to

him, by bringing him consolation, lest he should be plunged in unrelieved sorrow.

RAMAN now realized that all his envy of those who he thought were more fortunate, and the grudge he bore against his fate, were all unwisdom. He forgot the great disappointment of his failure to realize his ambition, and sought consolation and contentment with what he already had. The heavy burden weighing down his sorrow-laden heart now lifted, and he fell into a deep sleep of peace, the kind of which he had never known before.

—(Continued from page 25)

educate yourself to do this quick previewing every time you go out. It takes only two minutes at best, but be sure you concentrate, and visualise what you are going to do during those two minutes. And it may save you hours in wear and tear afterwards.

All intelligent people have good memories. Yours may not be functioning as it should because of neglect or because you simply have not learned how to put it to best use. Make use of your assets and discover how much more efficient, popular and generally happy you will be.

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Right Man: Wrong Girl!

By Ruth Willock

VIRGINIA KNOX curled up in a corner of the sleek leather seat of the convertible and closed her eyes on the twinkling lights of the George Washington bridge and the New Jersey Palisades. She wanted to concentrate—and gloat.

I've done it, she thought. I've surprised them! I've brought home an eligible man! And they loved him!

She opened her eyes for a second and took a quick look at the profile of Allan Gammage, man in her life. Clean-cut was the adjective that best described that profile. Good nose, good forehead, lots of hair, lots of character. She sighed happily. That'll teach my sister to worry about me, to fuss about me because I live alone—all because I'm an artist, for heaven's sake, and artists are supposed to be characters.

She sighed again and dozed off until they arrived at the trim little apartment building just off lower Sixth Ave, where she had been lucky enough to find an apartment. Virginia was a free-lance

commercial artist, not very long out of art school.

Allan gathered her coat, bag, books, flowers and jars of home-made jam from the back seat. He followed Virginia into a diminutive lobby, into and out of an even smaller elevator, down a neat hall and into an attractive five-by-five foyer. There, he set down the bag, shifted Virginia's coat to the chair, placed the books and jam on the table and reached for Virginia.

At that very moment, the bell rang.

Virginia hesitated, stood for a moment with her hand on the doorknob, then turned it cautiously.

IN the corridor outside stood a tall, blond young man with crew-cut, merry eyes, casual-type shirt, loosely knitted wool tie and a handsome tweed jacket.

He grinned and held out an empty blue and white pottery cup. "Just popped over to borrow a little coffee—"

Virginia frowned and shook her head.

"—and maybe a teaspoonful, or so, of cream."

"Bif—" Virginia pulled herself together. "I'm sorry, but you see I'm busy."

She opened the door a little wider to convince him, but Bif moved right in.

HE nodded to Allan. "Hi!" he said, apparently undismayed at the sight of another male. "Y'know how it is—ripped out the last page of a hot story, got up, stretched, reached for the coffee and all I had was the sugar!"

"Allan," Virginia said quickly, "this is Bif Foster—a neighbour. Bif, Allan Gammage." Virginia turned to Allan. "Bif's a free-lance writer."

"Ah," Allan said. "A tricky business."

"You can say that again," Bif said good-naturedly. "What's your racket?"

"Insurance brokerage. We package a deal—"

"Well, well," Bif cut in. "Solid stuff." His eyes flicked to Virginia. "I see what you mean," he said.

Virginia promptly took the situation into her own hands. She spoke directly to Bif Foster. "You must have some editing to do on that story," she said. Her voice was sweet, her manner smooth, but there was an unmistakable firmness in her

gesture. She held the door wide open. "Don't let us keep you," she said.

She followed him out into the corridor. "For goodness sake," she whispered, then, "please!"

"Please what?" Bif whispered back.

"You—you just can't do this sort of thing!"

"What sort of thing?"

"Interrupt—wander in and out any old time—act like you—well—like you know me! Why nobody would ever believe you were just a neighbour and had only lived here two months!" She was exasperated. "And don't look at me as though I were an ungrateful witch—"

"Who me?" Foster said, apparently genuinely surprised. He was looking at her for the same reason that a lot of people had looked at her and would look at her. She had very large blue eyes shadowed with curling dark lashes. She had the kind of nose most girls wished they had; the kind of mouth smart girls make with lipstick, if it didn't come naturally. She had a creamy complexion and softly curled blonde hair. She had what a lot of men call "everything."

BIF stuffed the cup absently into his pocket, shook his head as though he'd connected with a swift right to the



Every man looked at her . . .

jaw and ambled down the corridor to his own apartment.

THE week rattled by—a week in which Virginia was so busy she had no time to relax and enjoy the new and exciting state of being in love with the right man.

What a week! She worked at top speed until 2 and 3 every morning; by Friday afternoon her right arm was muscle-bound, her neck was stiff and her eyes popping. She dressed carefully before

leaving for the advertising agency. When she delivered the folio full of drawings she had a hassle with the art director who demanded several minor and, she thought, picayune changes by Monday a.m. Though inwardly disheartened, she tried to look cheerful as she wound her way homeward through crushing rush hour traffic, unaware of the admiring glances she received from passers-by. When she entered her apartment building she

longed for nothing more than low lights, soft music and Allan to lean against.

BUT Allan had been in Chicago all week on a big insurance deal. As she unlocked her door, the telephone rang.

"Darling," Allan said, "everything's fine. The deal's through and I'm hopping the Century to New York—"

Before Virginia could say a word, he went on.

"—and I wanted to remind you," he said, cheerfully, "about the date we've got with the Hendersons, at your place, tomorrow evening."

"Tomorrow?" Virginia said weakly. "Oh, no—"

"I can't hear you," Allan said.

"Ah, yes, tomorrow," Virginia murmured. She had promised Allan he might give a little informal dinner at her studio! Allan lived in a men's club uptown with no facilities for informal, or otherwise dining.

"Are you there?" Allan was saying.

"Yes, darling," she said. "What time tomorrow?"

"Five. I'll get there early and help. 'Bye, sweet."

A persistent ringing in her ears woke her the next morning and she automatically reached out to squelch the alarm clock. But the alarm

had apparently been silenced earlier—or—she sat upright, appalled. Or—it had never been set to ring!"

The ringing in her ears was the telephone. Brilliant sunlight flooded the room and she was afraid to look at the clock. She weaved to the foyer and took up the receiver.

"Ginny!" Her sister practically exploded in her ear. "Thank goodness you're there!"

"What's up?" Virginia's first thought was the children.

Her first thought was right.

"We brought the children in town to the zoo—"

"Yes?"

AND then we planned to leave them with the Boyds up at 77th St—"

"But—" Kathy said dramatically, "little Marilyn Boyd has mumps!"

Virginia was afraid to ask the time. "You've been to the zoo?" she said.

"Of course, Gin, it's nearly 12—"

The nightmare began at that moment.

But the children loved it. Tommy and Janey arrived with Mummy and Daddy just as Virginia had buttoned on a smock over what she called her "painting pants"—a spat-

tered but highly decorative pair of rust-coloured dungarees.

The children scampered about in the mess but Virginia's sister was astonished and said so. Her comments on Virginia's empty stomach did not set a good mood for the afternoon.

"IF I didn't know you'd been brought up better, I'd certainly believe what I've heard about Greenwich Village!" Kathy turned to her husband. "Let's go, Jim. I only hope Allan never sees it like this!"

Virginia groaned, downed a cup of very black coffee and herded the children off to the supermarket.

With Janey seated in the perch for small fry and Tommy manfully pushing, Virginia was loading the basket with soft drinks and ice cream when a voice from the fairly recent past cut in.

"Oh—ho! A party!"

Bif Foster's eyes swept from her hair-ribbon on to her bare ankles.

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"Allan is giving a party at my place," Virginia said.

"Allan?"

"You met him last Sunday."

"Ah—yes. Insurance."

Virginia placed her hand on the pushcart and pushed. "C'm'on, Tommy," she said,

For one wild moment around 4 p.m., Virginia didn't

think she was going to make it. At 4.20, just as she skimmed into the bathroom to dress, the tension had reached its peak. She had a brief 10 minutes to slap on lipstick, run a comb through her hair, pull on something navy, twist a small, brilliant

scarf around her neck, slide her bare feet into the nearest shell pumps and snap on a pair of exotic earrings that didn't co-ordinate, but didn't need adjusting.

THEY were the worst 10 minutes of the day. The silence in the living room was not precisely reassuring; she was afraid to go back.

Then everything happened

37



BOSS (to clerk): "This is an important letter and we may want it again. So don't file it!"

at once. The bell rang, glass crashed in the kitchen, something fell in the living-room, and Janey shrieked terrifyingly.

It was Allan at the door who had started it all. The sound of the bell had startled the children so that Tommy had dropped the glass he was filling with water and Janey had fallen off the chair she was standing on.

Allan, immaculate in a beautifully tailored, beautifully pressed dark suit, crisp white shirt—small patterned silk tie, stood in the doorway—appalled. He pointed.

"What," he asked, without greeting, "are they doing here?"

"It's a long story," Virginia said, picking up the pieces. "Get the iodine for me, will you, darling?"

"When," Allan shouted, "are they going?"

"After the theatre," Virginia said. "About 5.15 or 5.30, I should think."

"Five-thirty!" Allan shot out of the bathroom. "Do you realize that Lois and Jack will be here at 5 o'clock?"

"What of it?" Virginia was swabbing iodine on Janey's leg and Janey was shrieking madly.

"What of it?" Allan repeated with a slightly different inflection. "Do you rea-

lize—" he stopped, picked up an ash tray which contained one half-smoked cigarette and walked to the kitchen with it. He did not finish the sentence; he started another. "You will just have to do something about them."

"Such as—"

"A neighbour. Call somebody." He stopped. "That man—that Pif—"

"That man's name is Bruce Ian Foster," she said. She rose slowly from the floor and took each child by the hand. "C'm'on, kids," she said.

"Hurry," Allan said, looking at his wrist watch. "You'll just have time to dress."

VIRGINIA turned and looked at him from the door. She said nothing. With Janey and Tommy, she crossed the hall, bit her lip, scowled and rang Bif's bell.

The sound of typing stopped, there was a brief silence and Bif appeared. "Hi!" he said cheerfully.

"Hi!" said Tommy and Janey gleefully.

Virginia said nothing. She was having difficulty removing her upper teeth from her lower lip. Mutely, she raised both children's hands towards her neighbour.

"Don't say a word," Bif said. "I can imagine."

The Hendersons arrived promptly, which was too early, but Virginia and Allan managed a relay system between kitchen and studio and the dinner ingredients progressed slowly from the raw state. This process was slowed somewhat by the arrival of Kathy and Jim fresh from the matinee.

KATHY, looking every inch the chic and proper young matron, registered immediate concern over the whereabouts of the children.

"Where are Janey and Tommy?" she cried before Virginia could give an explanation.

Allan took charge with businesslike speed. "They are with a Mr. Foster—a—ah—neighbour of Virginia's." He walked to the door with Kathy, opened it and inquired over his shoulder, of Virginia. "Which apartment does that fellow live in?" "Eleven-C."

Kathy sped out and the door closed behind her.

The party was over. Virginia and Allan had just finished the dishes. "I think they enjoyed themselves," he was saying, don't you?"

Virginia nodded absently.

"Your sister looked stunning." Virginia placed the trays carefully on the table, drew a deep breath and set her lips in a very straight and un-

becoming line. "You should have married my sister," she said quietly. "I am the wrong Knox for you."

"Why, darling," Allan said, moving towards her, "you're tired."

"You're so right," Virginia moved backward, deftly. "Tired and disgusted."

"Disgusted! Allan reached for her. "Oh, my dear, what have I done?"

"Not a thing," she said, backing still farther. "It's me. I'm disgusted with—"

"I'm afraid I don't understand," Allan said, slightly on the defensive.

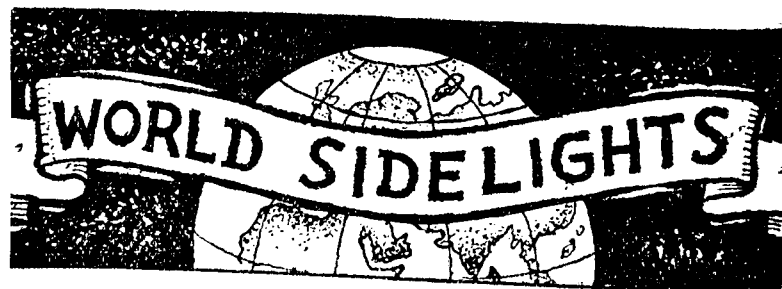
Virginia said, gently. "Good-bye, Allan."

SILENCE and peace—of a sort—surrounded her after Allan had gone. At least, she was at peace with her own conscience. Partly at peace with her own conscience. She thrust her jaw forward. There was no reason why she shouldn't be wholly at peace with her own conscience—and with her good neighbour.

She marched into the kitchen, removed a teacup from the cupboard, crossed the studio living-room, the foyer, the corridor outside and rang the bell of apartment 11-C.

The sound of typing stopped, there was a brief silence and the door opened.

—Please See Page 56



LIFE ON THE STARS?

THE scattering of galaxies, the habits of macro-molecules, and the astounding abundance of stars are forcing those who ponder on such matter to a further adjustment of their concept of the place and functioning of Man in the material universe.

In the history of the evolving human mind, with its increasing knowledge of the surrounding world, there must have been a time when the early tribes began to realize that the world was not necessarily anthropocentric—centred on Man himself. The geocentric concept of the total universe—as centred on the Earth—became a common doctrine. This adjusting was only mildly deflationary to the human ego.

The second adjustment in the relation of Man to the physical universe was not generally acceptable until the Copernican revolution established the heliocentric concept—a universe centred on the sun, writes Dr. Harlow Shap-

ley in the London "Sunday Times."

Man's Vanity

Man is a stubborn adherent to official dogma. Perhaps it is more surprising that Man's vanity, his feeling of his own significance in the world, did not earlier release him from the heliocentric view. He accepted the sun as the centre not only of the local system of planets but also of the whole sidereal assemblage, which was known by 1915 to contain hundreds of millions of stars.

There were several reasons for our misconception. For example, the abundance of stars seemed to fall off with distance from the sun as though it were central, and such a position brought to us a dignity not at all disagreeable.

The shift from the geocentric to the heliocentric doubtless had some philosophic impact in the sixteenth century, but not much. After all, the hot, turbulent sun is

no place for the delicate biology in which Man finds himself at the top.

Earth-centre or sun-centre makes little difference; but then came the need for a third adjustment, less than forty years ago—an adjustment that should have deeply affected and to some extent disturbed Man's thoughts about his place and importance.

Are We Alone?

It dug deep into his vanity and self-assurance. He could accept the Darwinian evidence of his animal origin, for that still left him at the summit. But the abandonment of the heliocentric universe was certainly deflationary from the stand-point of his position in the world.

The galactocentric universe suddenly puts the Earth and its life near the outer edge of a great stellar galaxy in a universe of millions of galaxies. Man becomes peripheral in space; according to the revelations of palaeontology and geo-chemistry he is recent and apparently ephemeral in the unrolling of cosmic time.

The need for a further jolting adjustment now rises above our mental horizon—not wholly unexpected by scientists, nor wholly the result of one or two scientific revelations. The theme has, of course, long been exploited

by fiction. Now facts surpass the fiction.

Our current problem concerns the spread of life throughout the universe. It touches the piquant question: "Are we alone?"

From among the many measures and thoughts that promote this further adjustment I select three phenomena as most demanding our consideration.

The first refers to the number of stars. To the ancients a few thousand were known; to the early telescopes a million, and that astounding number increased spectacularly with every telescopic advance.

Significant

Finally, with the discovery that the extragalactic nebulae are galaxies each with its hundreds of millions of stars, and with the failure to "touch metagalactic bottom" with the greatest telescopes, we are now led to accept the existence of more than 1020 stars in our explorable universe.

The significance of this discovery, or rather of this uncovering, is that we have more than one hundred million million sources of light and warmth for whatever planets accompany these radiant stars.

The second factor, the expanding metagalaxy, bears on

the question: "Do planets accompany at least some of the stars that pour forth the energy for living forms?"

We now accept the observational evidence of an expanding universe. The rapid expansion of the measurable universe implies, as we go back in time, an ever greater concentration of these cosmic units.

A few thousand million years ago the average density of matter in space was so high that collisions, near encounters, and gravitational disturbances were of necessity frequent. The crust of the earth, radioactively measured, is also a few thousand million years old. Apparently earth and the other planets of our sun's system were "born" in those days of turbulence.

Sunlike Stars

In similar fashion countless millions of planetary systems developed, for our sun is of a very common stellar variety: (in Miss Annie Cannon's catalogue of stellar spectra are forty thousand sunlike stars).

Other ways in which planets may form, other than this collisional process, are recognized. The contraction of protostars out of the hypothetical primeval gas, giving birth on the way to protoplanets, is now an evolutionary process widely accepted.

The disruptive-collision theory has also been much favoured; but the stars are now so widely dispersed that collisions would be exceedingly rare, so very unlikely that, we might claim uniqueness for our planetary system and ourselves.

The expanding-universe discovery, however, has shown the crowded conditions when our earth was born.

Passing over details to state the relevant conclusions, *millions of planetary systems must exist*. Whatever the methods of origin, planets may be the common heritage of all stars except those so situated that planetary bodies would be swallowed or cast off through gravitational action.

Remembering our 1020 stars and the high probability of millions of planets with suitable chemistry, dimensions, and distance from their nutrient stars, we can raise the question: On some of these planets, is there life?

Or is that biochemical operation strangely limited to our planet, No. 3 in the family of a run-of-the-mill star, in the outer part of a galaxy that contains a hundred thousand million other stars and is but one of millions already in the records.

Is life thus restricted? Of course not, and we can accept its wide dispersion still more confidently when our third factor is indicated.

Bridging The Gap

To put it briefly: Biochemistry and microbiology, with the assistance of geophysics, astronomy, and other sciences, have gone so far in bridging the gap between the inanimate and the living that we can no longer doubt that *whenever the physics, chemistry, and climates are right* on a planet's surface, life will emerge and persist.

This has long been suspected by scientists, but the researches of the past decade in the field of macromolecules has made it unnecessary any longer to postulate miracles and the supernatural.

The astronomical demonstration of the great abundance of stars naturally leads to the belief that countless planets have had long and varied experience with biochemical evolution.

Thousands of kinds of animals are known to develop neurotic complexes, that is, "intelligence." It comes naturally. And there we must end with the simple, but weighty, statement that there is no reason in the world to believe that our mental stature has not been excelled by sentient beings elsewhere.

I am not suggesting, of course, that *Homo* is repeated. There are millions of variations on the animal theme. I need not emphasize the relevance to philosophy and per-

haps religion of this fourth adjustment in Man's view of himself and galaxies.

MEN ABOVE THE LAW

Why are diplomats exempt?

It all dates back 250 years to Queen Anne, who assented in 1708 to the Diplomatic Privileges Act. The Act, hurried through to placate the fury of the Czar of Russia at the arrest by his Ambassador (an illuminated copy was even sent to him), regularised and defined what had been generally accepted practice. It conferred exemption from local criminal and civil jurisdiction, from taxation and rates, and from having to give evidence in any court, on all Ambassadors and Ministers and their servants. writes Louis Wulff in "Evening News."

This Act still gives foreign diplomats, their wives and children, members of their staff and their servants immunity from the law.

But it is only a limited immunity. If an Ambassador commits a murder he cannot expect to escape scot free, even if his victim is Ambassador of a rival Power and he pleads it was all in the course of official duty.

Mayor's Intervention

In any case of serious crime the Government to which he is accredited would ask his

home Government to recall him immediately and deal with the offence under their own laws.

Heads of missions—Ambassadors and Ministers—claim the right (though it is rarely exercised nowadays) of trying members of their suite for crimes committed in the country to which they are attached.

In the days of James I a member of the French Embassy killed an Englishman in a brawl. When the Ambassador, the Duc de Sully, heard what had happened he sent for the culprit and made him confess. Then he sent a message to the Lord Mayor, requesting the immediate loan of an executioner, as he had condemned the offender to be beheaded.

The Lord Mayor thought the Ambassador too hasty and too severe, and asked for the culprit to be handed over to him instead. Later the man was pardoned by the King.

Most questions of diplomatic privilege are bound up

with motoring offences. Under international usage anyone accredited to the Court of St. James can ignore speed limits, parking rules, and lighting regulations. Yet it is unusual to see a "C.D." car going down the Mall at more than a sedate thirty miles per hour.

Limits To Privilege

All diplomats are instructed that their personal inviolability depends on the correctness of their own conduct, and that to obey the laws of the foreign country is part of their job as proper representatives of their own.



"Sorry for that, master. Will you kindly hand back that lime basin?"

Matters like freedom from customs duty and taxation (including income and surtax) are on a reciprocal basis and mean a corresponding saving in salaries and expenses. The U. S. Ambassador in London pays no taxes or rates; nor does the British Ambassador in Washington, and so on.

Even in customs there are limits to diplomats' privilege. An Ambassador, for example, may import a tun of wine

(252 gallons) with paying duty. But a mere Minister must be content with ten gallons.

The houses, or flats, they and members of their staffs live in rank as "extra-territorial", which means legally they are regarded as part of the country from which the diplomat comes.

Police, tax-collectors and other officers of the state are debarred from entering in any circumstances unless they have obtained permission from the Ambassador first.

Purpose of Immunity

But an Embassy must not be used for imprisonment of its own countrymen. That principle was established in

London in 1896 when Sun Yat Sen, the Chinese revolutionary leader, was kidnapped and confined in the Chinese Legation, to be sent back to China for execution. The Foreign Office forced the Minister to release him.

The purpose of diplomatic immunity is to enable the representatives of foreign countries to fulfil their duties in the right atmosphere of independence and with the full support of the courtesy due to them as guests of the nation.

Arguments for pruning the long list of those above the law in Britain must therefore be weighed against the disadvantages we might suffer in some foreign countries if the same rule were applied to us.

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India's Ancient Surgeons

By RAGHUNATH HADKAR

THE term Ayurveda is derived from two Sanskrit words "Ayuh" meaning "life" and "Veda" meaning knowledge or science. Literally, therefore, it is strictly analogous to the English term "biology" (bios-life; logos-knowledge). But, whereas biology merely indicates the science of life, Ayurveda means the science of life coupled with the science and art of living, the greater accent being on the latter part of the definition.

The first object of Ayurveda is to maintain and promote the physical, mental and spiritual health of the individual and the community. The second object is to prevent disease and to treat and cure it when it appears.

Life is two-fold; animal and vegetable. Both these major divisions of life are legitimate subjects for the Ayurvedic treatment.

The maintenance and promotion of health are assured by the observance of the daily and the seasonal routine which covers the dietary, the general mode of living and the behaviour of the individual. The work on the daily routine deals with early rising,

non-suppression and regularisation of the urges, care of the teeth and the tongue, sternutation, various types of gargles for the care of the nose and the throat, massages and baths, modes of wear, the care of the hands and the feet, the necessity of shaving, avoidance of harmful foods and intoxicants, regular meal hours, rest and sleep, housing and disinfection, avoidance of such strains as result in hernias, haemorrhages, cleanliness of surroundings and of drinking water, toilet precautions, keeping clear of insects and moths, etc.

THE seasonal routine of Ayurveda makes a very interesting, enlightening and useful study of the need of adjustment of daily routine according to the changes of the temperature moisture, air and other climatic and atmospheric variations during the six bi-monthly seasons of the year.

A person strictly observing these rules is expected to develop immunity to seasonal diseases and epidemics and attain a long and healthy life. Special individual and communal measures are elaborately described to counter, forestall and prevent mass

diseases on individual and mass scales.

Ayurveda recognises four types of diseases, namely (a) adventitious (cuts, bites, stings, accidents, infections, injuries etc.) (b) physical (endocrinological, nutritional functional, organic, etc.), (c) mental (greed, avarice, jealousy, fear, anger desire etc.) and (d) natural (the bondage of birth, death, natural hunger, thirst and sleep).

Roughly speaking, the adventitious disease is treated surgically, the physical disease medically, the mental disease psycho-analytically and the natural disease spiritually.

SUSRUTA mentions 125 surgical instruments which were in common use in ancient India. The dissection of dead bodies was obligatory and major operations like craniotomy were performed with great dexterity and skill.

Apart from surgical intervention, a large number of Ayurvedic cataplasms, plaster, ointments, oils, lotions, and other external and local applications are exceedingly effective and are utilised with great success in various adventitious disorders.

The Ayurvedic approach to the treatment of the physical disease is best described by the brief yet comprehensive aphorism: "The use of drugs, diets and practices,

jointly or severally, contrary to the cause of the disease, to the disease, or to both the cause and the disease, or similar to the disease, similar to the cause of the disease; or similar to both, resulting in relief, is known as the treatment of the disease."

IT will be clear from the above aphorism that the Ayurvedic physician officially and textually fully accepts the principles of allopathy, homeopathy and naturopathy as alternate Ayurvedic approaches to the problem of health and disease. All the three categories, the drugs, the diets and the practices are very vast. The chapter on emetics and purgatives alone describes 600 combinations of drugs. The practices include exercises, baths, massages, etc. and these items run into hundreds of varieties.

Mental disease and mental hygiene in Ayurveda do not have exactly the same significance as they have in the allopathic medicine. It will be more correct to translate the "manasika roga" as moral disease and "mansika rogaprati-bandha" as moral hygiene. Even here the difficulty of giving an exact rendering of "manasik roga" in modern medical terms continues to persist. Mental hygiene in modern texts covers merely the subject of mental defectiveness such as is seen in idiots, imbeciles, cretins and other feeble-min-

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ded individuals. The modern limitation of the term 'moral' is well illustrated in the following definition of the moral defectives: "Moral defectives are persons in whose case there exists mental defectiveness coupled with strongly vicious or criminal propensities, and who require care, supervision and control for the protection of others."

THE modern concept of moral ill-health being confined to merely pathological mental states, it is natural that the modern system of medicine should overlook the importance of true moral and ethical values of human behaviour in the establishment of general peace and happiness and in prevention of world-wide suffering caused by greed and avarice of men. Moral hygiene, for the moderns, is merely a synonym for "mental hygiene". The development of higher mind and cultural approach to life as described at length by the Ayurveda as a "specific preventive measure" against a number of personal and mass evils falls outside the scope of other "pathies" and is exclusive to Ayurveda.

The Ayurveda has enlarged the concept of prevention. Enumerating the causes of epidemics e.g. infection of common factors like air, water and soil, and vitiation of seasons, Punarvasu goes a step further when he says that "adharma" or "asatkarma"

(immoral or improper behaviour) also leads to epidemics.

Moral hygiene, therefore, as totally distinct from mental hygiene, is an integral part of the Ayurvedic conception of the prevention of human ills. A bad morality, asserts Ayurveda, cannot be conducive to peace and happiness of the community and vitiates even the normalcy of the elements of nature, the qualities of the soil and the produce, and even the seasonal phenomena like rainfall, heat and cold.

The treatment of the mental disease in Ayurveda consists mainly of awakening of the mind to higher values through medication, realisation of truth, bringing back into the conscious mind the suppressed memories.

The subject of natural disease is foreign to every medical system excepting Ayurveda. The natural disease is described as the bondage of birth, death, and natural hunger, thirst and sleep. The treatment prescribed is spiritual and not "medical" in nature.

AYURVEDA is a progressive science. Its own contribution to world medicine is colossal. If the Vaidyas could devise 125 surgical operations 3000 years ago, they can certainly replenish their surgery today. There is no allopathic, homeopathic or nature cure concept that runs counter to

the basic teachings of Ayurveda. Its broad base accommodates all the subjects. The prescription of arsenic for syphilis in the 16th century and of "Sarpagandha" for blood pressure in the 20th century shows that they have not lost the intellectual drive which characterises the great medical achievements of their forefathers.

THE pharmacopoeia of Ayurveda was chiefly confined to herbal medicines during the time of Agnivesha and Susruta. Later, at the beginning of the Christian era, metals were pressed into therapeutic service and Markandhaja, Brhidadvatachintamani, Swarnasutashekhar, etc., remedies which leave the moderns agape at their therapeutic results. At a subsequent stage foreign drugs like Parasika Yamani, Akarakarabha, were introduced and safe and efficient therapeutic compounds made from them. Bhava Mishra of Kashi, in his famous treatise "Bhavaprakasha," written during the 16th century, devoted a special chapter on syphilis under the heading "Phirangarogadhikara", i.e. the chapter on the Portuguese disease. He was the first to prescribe mercury compounds for it, and a little later, Trimalla Bhatta, author of the Brihadyogatarangini, first introduced effective arsenic therapy to combat this fell disease.

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1900

1957

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Best for Colds, Headache,
Cough etc.,

★

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NURSIE and THE PATIENT

ELLEN JANE SMITH's voice was gentle. "Mr. Tanner, please don't get excited. But I'm afraid you'd better brace yourself for a shock. There's bad news this morning."

Tanner's teaspoon clattered on to the bed tray. His silver maned head lifted from its nest of soft pillows. "Steve?" he guessed incisively. "What has he been up to now?"

"It wasn't your nephew this time, Mr. Tanner. Promise you won't get excited, or I shan't tell you." Expertly, Ellen Jane, rearranged the pillows behind her employer's shrunken shoulders. Deftly, she picked up the spoon and put it into Tanner's thin, frail hand. Her own fingers were cool and, like her voice, gentle. She was a very pretty girl.

"Thank you," Tanner said, smiling. "All right, I won't get excited."

His glance rested affectionately on Ellen Jane hovering over his breakfast tray. The tiniest of her movements caused a rebellion in which the girl's splendid young vitality triumphed over the white severity of her nurse's uniform. Tanner often thought it a pity that such beauty and freshness should be harnessed

to the care of a wheel-chair invalid like himself.

"You'll listen quietly?" she asked.

Tanner chuckled. Ellen Jane was as good as a tonic, as zestful as a salt sea breeze rushing into his secluded, invalided life.

"I promise," he said obediently.

She drew deep breath, "Mr. Tanner, you've been robbed."

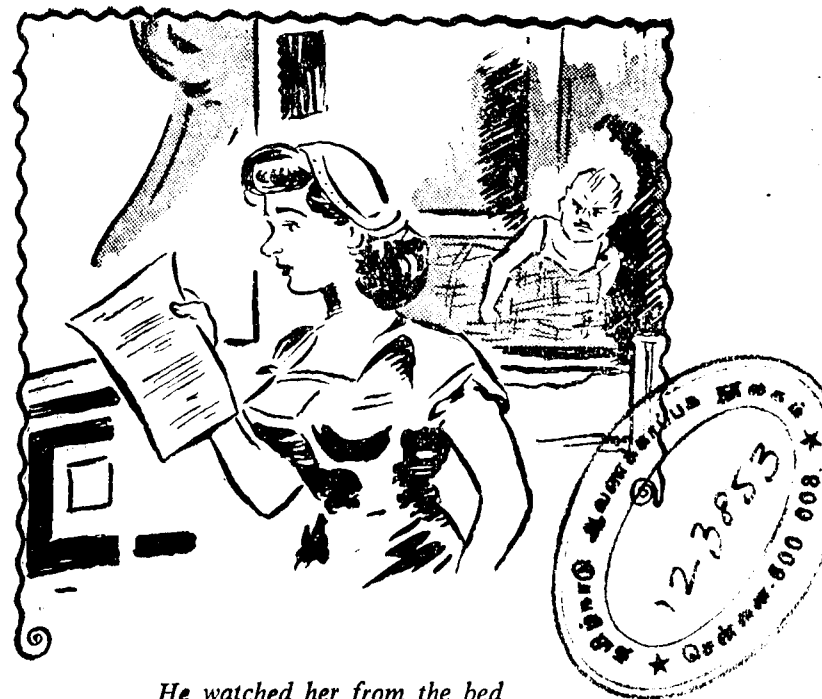
Short Story

By DALE CLERK

INTO Tanner's mind leaped a dismaying conjecture. "My stamps!" he exclaimed. He sat bolt upright in bed. This time the spoon fell on the coverlet.

"It wasn't your stamp collection. It wasn't the silver ware. It wasn't anything from the house at all."

Ellen Jane bent over the tray. Her young, pretty face was only inches from Tanner's thin, aged one. At close range, the girl's eyes gleamed strangely.



He watched her from the bed...

"Your bonds are gone," she announced.

Tanner blinked incredulously. "My bonds?"

"Yes. Your bonds."

"But they're locked up in the bank box."

"Are they?" Ellen Jane's voice was no longer gentle. It cracked electrically.

TANNER's shoulders dropped back into the pillows. His slight headshake was a puzzled, helpless tremor. "You know they are. You saw me put them back into the box yesterday, after I clipped the quarterly interest coupons."

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"That is what you think. But, Mr. Tanner, what would you say if I told you, the bonds aren't in the box now?"

He started.

ELLEN Jane laughed. "It's very simple. As you say, we went to the bank yesterday. Steve drove you in the car. He lifted you out of the car after taking the wheel-chair from the tonneau."

"But Steve didn't go into the bank."

"No. I wheeled you inside, while he parked the car. You signed an admission slip for us to enter the vault. You

gave the bank clerk your key. He used both it and the bank's key to open the vault box. Inside that was a black metal box containing your valuable papers. The clerk placed this inner box on your lap and then walked out, taking the bank key with him. Do you recall what happened next?"

"Yes," Tanner said, "I took the bonds from the box. Then I clipped the due coupons while you checked the bonds off the list. After that I put them back into the box."

"Are you perfectly sure?"

"YES, Ellen Jane, I did. I have a distinct memory of closing the lid and handing the box to you. You saw it put away in the vault and gave me the key."

The girl shrugged, smilingly. "You've got it all wrong, Mr. Tanner."

"That's impossible!"

"Is it? What did you use to clip your coupons with?"

"The bank provides a pair of scissors for that purpose."

"Where did you get the scissors?"

"Why, from that counter."

"No, you didn't," Ellen Jane said firmly. "I handed you the scissors, don't you remember?"

"Did you? I don't remember."

"And, at the same time," the girl said, "I took the box from your lap and put it up on the counter. That left you with a lapful of bonds which, after you'd clipped the coupons you reached up and dropped one by one into the box. Now, don't you remember?"

"Yes, but I don't see that it makes any difference!"

Ellen Jane's eyes gleamed. "It'd make a lot of difference, Mr. Tanner, if there were two of those boxes. The interior boxes in the bank vault are perfectly ordinary, black enamelled metal boxes. I stepped between you and the shelf to reach the scissors. I could easily have traded the box containing your papers for another similar one. Then you'd have been dropping your precious bonds into the wrong box, wouldn't you?"

"You couldn't do a thing like that, Ellen Jane. You couldn't," Tanner moistened his lips. "Anyway, the bonds were in the box which went back into the vault. I saw them inside before I closed the lid and handed that box to you."

THE girl shook her head. "You didn't hand it to me, Mr. Tanner, I took it from you. I was still standing there at the counter where I'd been checking off the list. That gave me an opportunity to step behind your chair, and an opportunity to once more

exchange the boxes, putting the wrong one into the vault."

"You're joking, of course," Tanner said. He laughed uncertainly.

Ellen Jane did not laugh at all.

"I'll admit it's a clever idea," Tanner said. "It wouldn't really work, though. My bank box measures about five inches by six inches by two feet long. You could hardly walk out of the bank with an object that size under your arm. My nephew was waiting at the door, too. He'd certainly have noticed."

"Let me show you something, Mr. Tanner." Ellen Jane crossed the room to the invalid's wheel chair. She pulled away the blanket casually draped over the chair's back.

A low cry burst from Tanner's lips.

Ellen Jane's slender fingers nimbly loosened two straps fixed to the chair's framework. "Perhaps now you remember I fussed a bit with your blankets before we left the vault?" She smiled over the black metal box. "Here. Open this."

Tanner's trembling hands obeyed with difficulty. A moment later he sighed over the richly engraved papers within.

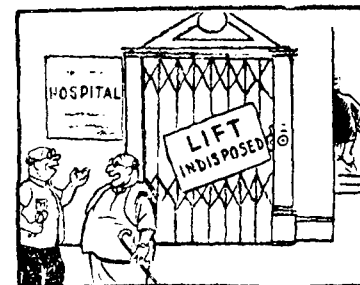
"I knew you were joking.

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I wouldn't have dreamed you'd carry a joke to any such dangerous — Count them."

AFTER miserable seconds, Tanner looked up into the girl's face. "There are only 10 here, Ellen Jane."

"Yes, ten—10,000 worth." She sat down on the side of Tanner's bed. "You see I'm not such a fool. I realize any legitimate broker would be suspicious of me if I walked in and tried to dispose of a fortune in negotiable, unregistered bonds also, I'm aware that legitimate brokers' records are available to the revenue department. I'd have to deal with a fence who would only pay me a quarter or a fifth of the securities' value. And even then, it would be dangerous for me to spend the money, since the loss would be discovered the next time you went to the bank. That's why I decided to do business with you Mr. Tanner."



Hospital Doctor (to visitor): Our new clerk is very smart. He put up that placard!"

In wondering silence, Tanner's eyes were fixed on the girl's pretty face.

"I've brought you these bonds so you can take them to your broker and get \$10,000 for me," Ellen Jane said. "I'm willing to accept that much in exchange for the rest of the lot. And there isn't much else you can do but accept the offer."

"I might call the police."

"How, Mr. Tanner? You can't even get out of bed without my help." Strange that Tanner had ever thought her smile charming!

Smiling she said: "Why, if a policeman walked into this road this minute, you couldn't prove that I took these bonds from the bank. It would be your word against mine, and I imagine I'd make a fairly good impression on a jury. It's doubtful, you know, whether the doctor would let you risk appearing in court."

"You believe you've thought of everything, don't you?" Tanner asked sadly.

"I've been thinking about it a long time, Mr. Tanner. I'm not blind to the chance you might arrest me, and you might send me to the penitentiary. Against that, though, is the absolute certainty I'd never tell where the other bonds are. You'd rather lose \$10,000 than sacrifice your life savings, wouldn't you?"

"You've overlooked one thing. It's all out of the question."

"Why?"

"I can't ask my broker for \$10,000 in cash. He'd know at once something was wrong."

Ellen Jane's eyes gleamed. "You are going to tell him something is wrong, Steve in a jam. You need this money to buy him out of it."

"Yes, I suppose he'd believe that. Anyone would believe it. The bank would advance \$10,000 on these securities," Tanner said. "But how do I know you'll return the other bonds once you've got my money?"

"I already have your money, haven't I? So you're running no additional risk," she pointed out grimly. "I wouldn't settle for \$10,000 would I, knowing that by double-crossing you, I'd be sending you straight to the police?"

"That's true. You wouldn't?" Tanner compressed his lips. "But suppose I notify them, anyway as soon as I have my property back?"

THE girl stood up, confidently. "How long have I taken care of you, Mr. Tanner?"

"Two years, isn't it?"

"That's the answer. A nurse gets to know a patient inside and out in far less time than

that. I'm sure if you say it's a bargain, it's a bargain."

"It's a bargain," Tanner yielded shakily.

"I KNOW you'd be sensible," cheerfully, Ellen Jane took away the tray. Her hands were as coolly gentle as ever as she helped her patient dress. The morning sunshine found the customary smile on her lips as she wheeled Tanner outside. Usually on fine mornings she wheeled him for an hour in the suburban park. Walking briskly today, she needed rather less than an hour to reach the suburb's branch bank.

"Tell them you took the bonds yesterday. But the party Steve's mixed up with demands cash."

A frowning bank official shook his head at Tanner's explanations. "It's the worst kind of the folly. Still, the boy's your nephew. As far as the money is concerned, these bonds are selling above par and the bank couldn't ask for better collateral. I suppose you prefer small bills?"

"Fifties," Ellen Jane said. "Ten thousand dollars in \$50 bills will go into my handbag, won't it?"

The banker glanced at her curiously.

"Mr. Tanner thinks the money will be far more likely to reach its destination if I handle it rather than Steve.

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Don't you think so, Mr. Tanner?" she appealed, with the banknotes in her handbag.

"Ask the man to let us in to the vault again?" Ellen Jane said.

Just as he had done the day before, the bank clerk unlocked the box with both keys, and drew from the interior a small black box which he placed across Tanner's knees.

"Open it," The girl's voice was tense now.

Tanner raised the hinged lid. He peered inside, swallowing.

"YOU tricked me. The other bonds were here at all times."

"I wasn't taking any chances. Steve might have walked into your room this morning. He might have called the police."

"You didn't use two boxes?"

"No. I simply stepped behind your chair and took off the top of 10 bonds. Then I tucked them into your blankets. I gambled. I could do it that way and I won."

"Did you?"

"Mr. Tanner, you can't get out of it. I didn't say the bonds weren't in the bank. I asked what you'd say if I told you they weren't." Her voice had grown strained. "I never said I did it with two boxes, what I said was, I had the

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opportunity. I did have the opportunity. It was the truth, every word of it."

Queer, twisted notion of truth!

"AND was it true," Tanner asked, "I would never see the bonds again if I had you arrested?"

"I didn't say that, either. I simply said I wouldn't tell—and you'd rather lose ten thousand than lose it all. You can't go back on our bargain."—She cried warmly, "just because I'm cleverer than you."

Tanner said: "I'm not complaining. The longer I listen to this, the more I consider that I got off cheaply, on the whole."

His thin fingers sought under the bundle of bonds. From inside the box he plucked a foolscap sheet. It tore raggedly, as he ripped away the signature. The remainder he handed over to the girl.

Ellen Jane's eyes flinched from the page—and were drawn back irresistibly only to flinch again from the paragraph: "After the payment of the aforesaid One Dollar (\$1.00) to my nephew Stephen Tanner—I give, devise and bequeath all the rest and residue of my property—to my devoted nurse and faithful friend, Ellen Jane Smith...."

Tanner's fingers went on tearing the signature of his

will into tinier and tinier pieces of paper. "Yes, that's what I thought you were worth. Ten thousand dollars was your price, your own valuation of yourself. And you're the one who knows best about that, aren't you? But as far as I'm concerned," he heaved a resigned and saddened sigh over it all, "ten thousand dollars is a cheap bargain, just as you said."

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RIGHT MAN: WRONG GIRL!

—Continued from page 39

"Don't say a word," Bif Foster said. "I can imagine."

"Just popped over to borrow a cup of coffee—" Virginia started to say.

"YOU did not," Bif said. He crossed the comfortable room and beckoned to her. "You came over to relax. Sit down," he said, indicating the wide, modern sofa. "Take off your shoes and forget it."

Virginia did as she was told. She had never been so happy.

Bif sat on the floor at her feet, stretched his long legs toward the fireplace and leaned back with a sigh.

"Tell me about it—if it'll make you feel better," he said.

"Well—it was kind of simple, really," Virginia said. "Allan was the right man, all right. But I was the wrong girl."

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Beauty of Human Nature

By LUDMILA TATYANICHEVA

TROUBLE came when he least expected it. A slight lack of caution sent Valeri Pokatayev tumbling into the deep scalding bath. He did manage to break the fall and grip the edges of the bath; straining his strength, he lifted himself on his arms as high as he could to protect his neck and head from burns.

All that happened afterwards was like a nightmare. It seemed as if he were watching the agony of a perfect stranger, until flashes of unendurable pain brought him back to reality.

However, real pain, never-ending, unabating pain which drove sleep from his eyelids, came later, in the white hospital ward where he spent the one hundred and twenty-three long days and nights during which a hard, intermittent struggle was carried on for his life. That struggle was directed by Dr. Naum Abramovich Polyak, head of the surgical department.

When the surgeon examined his patient he had something to make him think. Eighty per cent of the surface of his body was scalded, mainly

with third degree burns. The patient lost consciousness, lapsed into a delirium, moaned, called for help. But drugs, expert medical attention and good care seemed of no avail. The young man's strength was ebbing. Death seemed imminent. It remained to try one means: grafting live tissues on the scalded spots. The surgeon resolved to try that operation.

But where was he to get the live tissue? In order to save Pokatayev several people would have to donate a portion of their skin.

"THE YLC'ers should be approached in the first place," reflected the surgeon. "They would not leave a comrade in trouble...."

And he took his problem to the Komsomol Committee of the Chelyabinsk Tractor Plant.

"Valeri Pokatayev's life is in danger," declared the surgeon. "He will die, unless his comrades help us save him."

The surgeon warned that the donors would have to undergo a painful operation.

They would have to stay out of work for three weeks and report to the hospital for dressings. Lastly, the operation would leave scars on their bodies.

VERA Stoyanova was not deterred by that. When this blonde woman with sparkling eyes learned that she was in a position to save the life of the youth who was a total stranger to her she offered her help at once. Time and time again did she look death squarely in the face during the war years. Caught by the Gestapo she was conveyed to the execution grounds together with other prisoners of war; the sudden appearance of a Soviet marine unit saved them from the firing squad. Perhaps the memory of that had prompted Vera Stoyanova to act with such speed when she learned of Pokatayev's condition. She was the first to tell the surgeon;

"Take my skin, please!"

The next to volunteer on the same day was Oleg Chertishchev, a young fitter. A rather quiet, unassuming, considerate lad, one of those who let their deeds rather than their tongues do the talking, he was rarely heard speaking at meetings, and when he did his speeches were very brief. Combining work and study (he is attending the evening school), Oleg had learned to value every minute of his

time. He even managed to save some 15-20 minutes of his dinner interval for reading. Hardly had any of his fellow-workers known that in spite of his preoccupation, Oleg found time to compose verses into which he poured his deepest feelings....

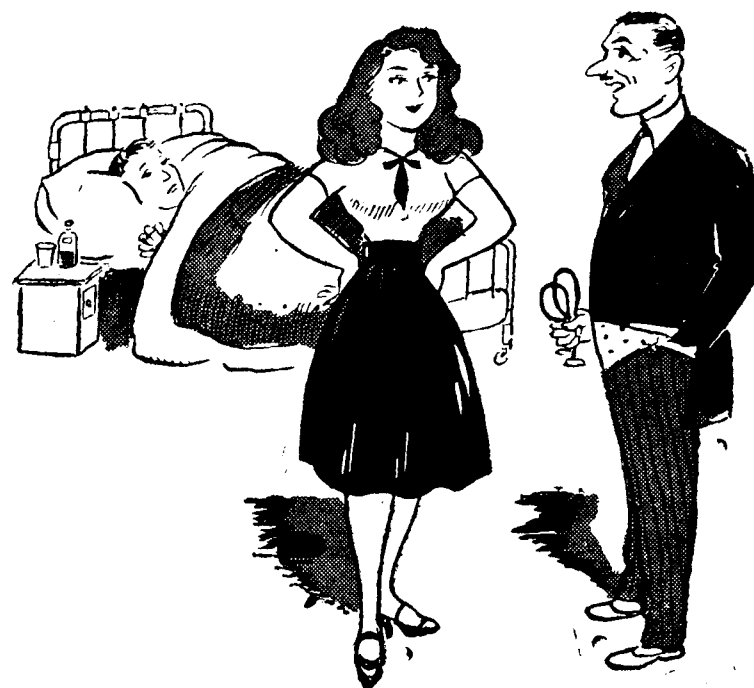
Volodya Kostromin, a 19-year old YCL'er, volunteered for the operation with his usual sincerity and kindness.

"I'm young," said he, "and any wound is likely to heal fast on me!..."

During the operation he told the surgeon:

"YOU need not have any scruples, take a bit more of my skin. Upon my word, it does not hurt in the least!" And to make it sound more convincing, Volodya screwed his pallid lips into a smile.

Nordid Masha Pyatakova, a transport worker, take time to make up her mind. A small, frail-looking girl, with big eyes and two thick braids, she was troubled only by the coming conversation with her mother. The latter, employed as a drill operator in the forge-shop, had been accustomed to consider her daughter a weak little girl, and she would, of course, be vexed. "Never mind, she'll understand," thought the girl, her courage undaunted, in spite of a slight feeling of anxiety.



She offered her help...

There was no anxiety in the mind of Ivan Zhdanov, a gas welder. A tall, strong, athletic looking man, he is very fond of the accordion which looks like a play-thing in his powerful hands. He brought home from the Baltic Fleet (he was demobilized recently from the navy) many beautiful waltzes and delightful songs. The sounds of his accordion attract young people to the clubroom during the dinner interval.

ON that day, as usual, Zhdanov was playing his accordion at lunch time. Music did not prevent him

from hearing the conversations around him. One of the boys next to him was talking excitedly about Valeri Pokatayev's condition and said that several YCL'ers had already agreed to donate their skin.

Zhdanov finished playing the waltz and went straight to the office of the Nonsomol Committee.

"LET them take my skin," said he. "See, how much of it I have!"

News of the noble conduct of the young workers spread like wildfire through all the

shops. The telephone at the surgical department was buzzing constantly; everybody wanted to know how the operation had come off; workers inquired about the condition of the patient and his saviours: Vera Stoyanova, Masha Pyatakova, Oleg Chertishchev, Ivan Zhdanov and Volodya Kostromin.

Nurses were busy receiving the presents brought for the sick youth and his friends.

IN the day immediately after the operation the condition of the patient was still very grave, almost hopeless. He had received eight hundred square millimetres of skin. There were sceptical people even among the medical workers, to say nothing about others, who were inclined to consider the operation a failure in advance, and the aggravation of the patient's condition immediately after the operation was received by them as confirmation of their pessimistic forecasts.

Life gained the upper hand. The crisis was over in the afternoon of the third day. The youth felt of a sudden a

ray of sunshine on his face and opened his eyes. There was thought in his glance. His mind had at last ceased wondering in the maze of nightmares.

With a gentle, barely perceptible tough twist the surgeon lifted the edge of the bandage and saw that the wound was healing. That set the youth on the way to recovery.



BOSS (to injured employee in hospital): "Well, well, Lakshman, don't you try to get up!"

Although they were ordered to stay in bed and walking was still a painful process for them, the five of Valeri's friends managed to sneak out in order to look at the miraculous resurrection they themselves had helped to perform.

THE heat of a summer day was broken by warm showers which quenched the thirst of the dry soil. The water covered with drops of dew the shining body of an S-80 tractor which had just come down the conveyor of the plant.

I looked up the young people in the small park on the factory grounds during lunch time, and we talked for a while. Strictly speaking, I was just listening, letting

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Valeri and his five friends do all the talking. I watched the frank faces and smiles playing on their lips as they discussed their forthcoming trip to the South (accommodation had already been secured for them at the health resort), the examinations that Oleg Chertishchev and Ivan Zhdanov would soon be taking at the institute and other questions.

VALERI looks well. There are no scars on his handsome face; he is calm and cheerful.

"We should like to teach people to perform heroic deeds..." wrote Maxim Gorky many years ago in his letter to Romain Rolland,

THE time is here when heroism has become part and parcel of everyday life, when the most ordinary, unassuming people, such as the rank-and-file workers of the Chelyabinsk Tractor Plant, Oleg Chertishchev, Vera Stoyanova, Maria Pyatakova, Ivan Zhdanov and Vladimir Kostromin, are performing lofty deeds which disclose the beautiful inner world of the Soviet man, his humaneness and great modesty.

I should like to address to those glorious five workers a message quoting the following words of Maxim Gorky:

"There are splendid people in Russia, you belong to these splendid people!" * *

Wisdom Of Ages The World Over

HE that rides a tiger can never dismount.—Chinese proverb.

A woman's tongue is three inches long, but it can kill a man six feet high.—Japanese.

Who answers suddenly, knows little.—French.

Love is like a diamond with a flaw in it; it is precious, but imperfect.—Persian.

In the desert all men are enemies until they are proved to be friends.—Arabian.

Put your hand quickly to your

hat and slowly to your purse.—Danish.

Select your wife with your ears rather than with your eyes.—Russian.

Love your neighbour, but don't pull down the fence.—German.

Don't play with eggs on a rock.—Nigerian.

We can't help the birds of sorrow flying over our heads, but we needn't let them nest in our hair.—Indian.

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LIFE and LAUGHTER!



ON his first job as a newspaper reporter, poet-journalist Eugene Field worked for an editor who was a stickler for accuracy. Field, too imaginative to be confined by factual reporting, repeatedly submitted stories which bore little resemblance to the facts. The editor finally threatened to fire him if he did not reform.

The following day, Field was sent out cover a meeting in the civic auditorium. When he handed in his story, the editor pounced on him.

"How many people did you say attended that meeting?"

"One thousand."

"Then what the devil is the idea of writing that 1,999 eyes were fixed on the speaker?"

"You said you wanted the facts," replied Field. "There was a one-eyed man in the audience!"

A YOUNG eager delivery-boy for a food shop was leaving work one Saturday night when the boss told him he was fired.

"Fired?" he screamed. "But Mr. Fleggenheimer—didn't I work hard today? Didn't I sweep the floor and polish the counter and sharpen the knives and make all the deliveries and wait on customers and clean the windows and..."

"Never mind," snapped Fleggenheimer. "You're fired. You forgot to empty the rubbish and sweep the street in front of the store."

"But Mr. Fleggenheimer," wailed the boy, "It's my day off!"

DISCOVERY!

"At first she was going to turn him down on the ground that he hadn't a will of his own—then she found he was likely to benefit from his uncle's."

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ACTRESS Katherine Hepburn is not enthusiastic about ocean travel, as the dripping of a tap is enough to make her seasick. Some time ago, when she was to sail for Europe, she booked a third-class passage.

The head of studio publicity was horrified. "You can't do this!" he protested; "a big star like you has to travel first class. It's expected of you."

"I don't care what's expected of me," snapped Miss Hepburn. "Why should I pay for first class when I can be just as miserable in the third class—for less money?"

WARNING!

"Pa," said the farmer's boy, "I want to go to college and learn to be a doctor. I think I'll study obstetrics."

"Likely you'll be wastin' your time, son," replied the father. "Soon as you learn about obstetrics somebody'll come along with a cure for it."

DIDN'T KNOW!

Little Mary came home from the beach late and announced to her mother that she had been playing with another child all day. Her mother asked, "Was it a boy or a girl?"

"I dunno, Mummy," said Mary, "we didn't have any clothes on."

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"HOW'S this?" asked the lawyer of an old and feeble client. "You have named six bankers in your will to be your pallbearers. Of course, it's all right, but wouldn't you rather choose from friends with whom you are on better terms?"

"No," said the old gentleman. "Those fellows have been carrying me for so long they might as well finish the job."

ON FIRE

Two drunks were driving furiously late at night along a road side by side with a main line railway track.

Suddenly a steam train, dark except for the locomotive, flashed by them, going in the opposite direction.

"Say," said one of the men in the car, "did you see that little town we just went through?"

"Yes," replied his companion.

"You know something? I think that first house was on fire."

OUTRAGED!

An efficiency expert had died. Six pall bearers were carrying the coffin out of the church when suddenly the lid popped open and the efficiency expert sat bolt upright and shouted. "If you'd put this thing on wheels, you could lay off four men!"

THINGS had been very quiet around the police station for quite a while and the desk sergeant was worried.

"I don't know what to think!" he exclaimed one morning. "Here's a whole week gone by and no robberies, no murders, no drunk or disorderly cases—and not even a traffic arrest. If something doesn't happen pretty soon, they'll be laying us off."

"Don't worry about a thing, Sarge," said the constable. "Something's bound to happen soon. I've still got a lot of faith in human nature!"

NOT DECIDED

Johnny hurried to get the evening paper. Tomorrow was picnic day, and he wanted to know what the weather forecast was.

"Well, Johnny, what do they predict?" his mother asked.

"They haven't decided yet," said Johnny gloomily.

"Haven't decided?"

"No," said Johnny. "It says 'Unsettled.'"

REASON

"Why do you think Steven's book is a success?"

"People who haven't read it are beginning to say they have."

WHILE in London on a visit, Peter the Great, Tsar of Russia, was taken to see the Hall of Justice. Observing a crowd in the corridor, he asked his guide:

"Who are all these people?"

"They are lawyers, of course," was the reply.

"Lawyers!" exclaimed the Tsar. "All these people! I have only two lawyers in my entire country, and I intend to hang one of them as soon as I get home!"

MORE FORTUNATE

John Barrymore was out walking one afternoon, when he saw a certain notorious snob approaching. He tried to avoid the man, but the other singled him out with a hearty greeting: "Good afternoon, Barrymore. You're positively the only person I've met today worth stopping to speak to."

"Really," rejoined Barrymore. "Then you're much more fortunate than I am."

VERDICT

"I love your daughter very dearly, sir," said the young man. "I would suffer deeply if I ever caused her a moment's unhappiness."

"You certainly would," replied the father. "That girl is her mother all over again, and I know."

SWARUP looked longingly at all the beloved things in the house from her pet birds to the dirty dog in the street that came for some food from her hands every day. How she would miss everything! She wiped the tears from her eyes. The quiet and easy life spent in that bungalow for five years was suddenly going to end. They were to shift to a smaller house and stay in town for the sake of the education of their boys. Education, they knew was the vital thing for the boy, and both Swarup and An-

and were determined to give them the best education.

"Even if we have no cash, our duty is to get some loans and spend them on their education. Of course, the boys will clear the debts, if we are unable to do it," Anand used to tell Swarup whenever they discussed about the children.

A great cloud hung over their heads and Anand was expecting dismissal any mo-

ment. His seven juniors were ousted very recently and the next turn was his. That was way they were shifting to a smaller house. Anand would have to wander about in search of a job. His plan was to go first to his cousin in Bombay, stay there for a month and then proceed to his brother and so on. Meanwhile, Swarup and the children were to stay in a

smaller house and live on the little savings in the bank quite frugally.

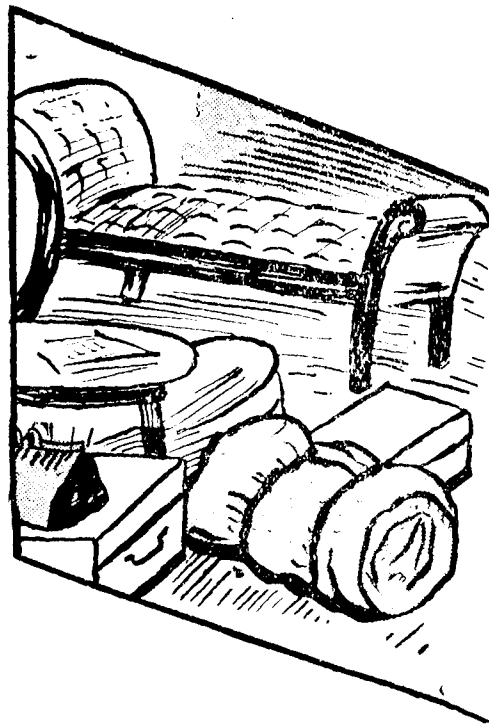
Swarup had already planned to cut out ghee, evening tiffin, night

milk and the other luxuries like theatre, hotel, etc. When once she was attached to a thing, she found it rather hard to lose it and her affectionate and steady nature refused to leave behind all her old friends.

"We can pull on for a couple of months if we sell all the heavy and costly furniture. The rosewood chest of drawers, cabinet, radio, type-



writer, writing desk, and your grandpa's old divan must be sold first. I've asked my friend to fix a price and take them to the auction room. If only your grandpa had left you too a portion of his wealth, we would not have been so poor and could have tided over the hard days somehow.... Well, I'll get some work and we will yet be well off," Anand consoled his sorrowful wife. Swarup listened to her husband's plans every night for the last couple of weeks. When alone, she yearned for the happy days that were gone



by and wondered whether she would ever have such an easy time.

SWARUP'S grandfather was very wealthy. When he died, all his money went to the seven grandchildren of his two sons. Swarup got nothing except a costly divan, used by the old man with a few lines in a sealed cover. "Keep the divan safe with you and some day you will find it useful. It brought luck to me," Swarup was bitter and disappointed. She thought she would have the major share, since the old man had petted

her, being his only grand daughter. Besides, she was not very well off and ill-luck dogged her footsteps all through her married life. Hence the blow nearly killed her with disappointment and sorrow. Naturally she shoved the divan in a corner of the verandah in her anger and the children jumped over it and tore it in many places. The beautiful crimson cover had faded to a dull pink due to constant exposure, to sun and rain day and night in the verandah. The children sometimes beat it viciously and abused the old man. Swarup used to laugh bitterly at that and joined

with them in their fun and malice.

It was a pleasant evening. Her husband had gone to the office and the children to the school. She had already begun to economise in the household matters and evening tiffin was cut out. So, after preparing coffee, as it was already four, Swarup sat in her corner chair and started her plans once again. At once her grandpa's unkindness came to her mind and she remembered all the pet

names the old man had given her when she was a child and his promises of presenting her all the costly jewels of the dead grandmother. How soon he had forgotten those promises and what a change she was to go through after the easy-going life. If only grandpa had left her something.... The same old slogan.... Then the old divan came to her mind. Yes, it needed a lot of mending before going to the auction room. The torn parts needed repairing and she slowly got up to find



thread and needle. She came back with her work basket and pulled the divan. Placing it upside down to mend it more conveniently, Swarup examined the holes carefully. It was then that she noticed that there were four brass buttons visible on the surface of the underside of the divan at the four corners. She pressed them one by one and then suddenly the upper portion of the divan that seemed to be the cushion, sprang up on thin brass hinges. Swarup sat up in wonder. Then she peered into the hollow of the divan. There was a thick card-board box in the centre, immersed in wads of cotton. She stood looking at it for a long time excitedly. Slowly her hands reached for the box and with shaky fingers opened it to find the diamond-set bangles, earrings, chains, head ornaments and other little stone jewels of her grandmother blinking at her in their beds of velvet. She carried it near the window to have a good look at it.

SO the mystery was solved. Everybody had wondered on the old man's death as to what had become of grandmother's priceless jewels that were doubtless old-fashioned, but grandpa had a mania for diamonds and emeralds and he had amassed a fortune in jewels. After grandma's death they were kept in the bank for safe custody. When the jewels were not mentioned in the will, everybody thought

that it was still in the bank. But, on enquiry, the bankers said they had been taken by the old man a week before his death. It was till then a mystery to all the grandchildren, more mysterious than his indifference to his pet grandchild Swarup. All were really shocked to find that Swarup got nothing but left out with only a good old divan.

"POOR grandpa," she murmured sadly, tears gushing out hot from her eyes. "How I cursed him all these days and that too unjustly!" She wiped the tears and a strange light was seen in her eyes, and she sighed with hope and relief. "Now I need not leave my dear house with its old memories. I'll make a velvet cover for dear old grandpa's divan and keep it always with me." And, pulling the brass buttons to their original places, she took the box to her room.

Anand returned home, dejected and weary. Swarup did not speak for a while. She was thinking how best she could surprise him.

"By next Friday we must shift to the new house. My friend, Ganpat, has fixed a little house with tap and light. The only thing is, there are only two living rooms. By the by, have you mended the divan? Tomorrow all the furniture should be carried," said Anand resignedly.

Swarup did not speak. Her husband looked at her irrita-

bly. The clock struck seven and the pussy got up uneasily from the chair and stretched her body, preparatory to mewing for food. The street dog barked twice to warn that he was awaiting his food.

"I think I'll keep the divan. I cannot part with it. After all, it is grandpa's legacy," Swarup said quietly. Anand looked up, amazed. "Since when have you got this precious idea? Grandpa's legacy indeed! Do you know that the wretched divan can't be put in any of the small rooms? Keep out of these foolish whims and fancies for once." Anand remonstrated angrily.

"OH dear, be merciful. I'm so used to this house that I can't live in any other. Also I can't part with any of the things. It is not a fancy but an honest wish," Swarup added calmly.

"I'm afraid you have completely gone out of your mind. Too much worry has upset you," Anand said seriously and looked at his wife compassionately. At that moment, he cursed himself for his bad luck and his inability to mend matters, to his poor wife's satisfaction, smote him hard.

Swarup, sensing his thoughts and sorrow, looked at him mysteriously and darted into the room. She was back in a minute with a box and placed it in Anand's hand. He took it, still thinking that

Swarup had gone crazy. Though he had no wish to open it, he was puzzled at the way Swarup looked at him. At last he opened it and stared at the jewels with wonder and awe. For, he had never seen such beautiful jewels in his life.

"WELL Grandpa had kept all grandma's jewels for me in the divan and that was why he wrote that cryptic message along with it. What utter fools we were not to give more attention to the divan in spite of his wish to keep it always with me. The mystery had eluded us all so long. Oh, how we cursed the poor soul for his generosity! After all, my share is worth three times more than all the shares of others," Swarup said proudly.

Anand's face brightened up. "God is great. True, when one door closes another opens. Now we can live comfortably until I get another job in case I lose my present one. Swarup dear, God is always with you. Yes, you need not move from this house. I'll get you a tailor to make a new velvet covering for the divan. Let us keep it always. Three cheers to dear old grandpa," Anand said cheerfully.

"And three cheers to the good old divan too." Swarup added and both laughed.

The clock struck eight and

—Please See Page 75

CONTEMPORARY OPINION

DECIMAL WEATHER

Even before introduction of the naya paisa, due with the next financial year in April, the enthusiasts for decimals have taken advantage of recent enabling legislation. From January 1, India's weather bureaux have started issuing their statistics in the metric system: Centigrade for temperature; millimetres for rainfall. The subject chosen for priority may seem an odd one. Many countries employing a decimal currency, or even other decimal measures, still use Fahrenheit for some sorts of temperature; especially for clinical purposes, the greater spread between freezing and boiling points has advantages; its ratio, nine to five, must now rapidly become familiar, the interested also remembering when to add or subtract 32, the Fahrenheit "zero". But it was perhaps supposed that those who take an intelligent interest in the weather have more time, or mathematical ability, at their disposal than most.

Even so it was probably lucky that the rainfall returns have hitherto been in most places nil; this at least defers the evil day when those mathematically rusty must also attempt the operation of divid-

ing by two point five four, to convert millimetres into inches.

Some familiar landmarks will disappear. An announcement that the temperature is a hundred in the shade will hardly be equalled in conversational horror by the information that it has reached 37.7 (recurring). Weather temperatures of a hundred will, indeed, henceforth be unknown even in the hottest summer heat of the plains—unless a volcano or an atomic nucleus gets disconcertingly out of hand, whereafter those present will not be in a condition to do much telephoning to Poona. On the other hand the rainfall at Cherrapunji will, expressed in millimetres, prove an even greater source of satisfaction to local pride. Medical obscurantism, of the type which on principle refuses all information about his own affairs to the patient, will be powerfully reinforced: for consider the shock of his suddenly learning that his temperature is 37—and therefore that he is, by previous standards, a candidate for the "quick freeze" variety of treatment—without the additional reassurance that this is now "normal." Yet it may be suspected that the old-fashioned who share Lord Randolph

Churchill's attitude to "those damned dots" will not find discussion of the weather seriously incommoded. "We have two seasons here," they will continue to declare, "Hot and very hot."

—The Statesman.

THE OLDEST PROFESSION

In what way would it be possible, if it be possible at all, to abolish the oldest profession in the world from a State or its people? The Uttar Pradesh Legislative Council, confronted with a private member's bill to make prostitution illegal, has just decided that whatever else might be the way of doing so, a legal ban is not. The Government, in fact, made such a thumping case against the bill that the mover was in the end content to withdraw it—evidently persuaded of the truth that any attempt to ban prostitution would be to try and treat the symptoms instead of the malady. What, then, are the causes of the malady? The speakers made a bewildering variety of guesses, some of them quite bad. One member suggested that at the back of the spread of prostitution in this country lay the refusal of the women to "observe the moral restrictions prescribed by the ancient *rishis*." The same member also suggested that monogamy was another cause of prostitution; by barring a dissatisfied husband from taking another wife, it drove

him to brothels. Another member (who opposed the bill on the ground that a ban on prostitution would constitute a violation of "the fundamental freedoms guaranteed in our Constitution") declared that the women were the root of the evil. A woman member was quick, of course, to counter that it was the men. She also made the interesting point that it was wrong to think of prostitutes as being morally degraded—they were no more so for selling their bodies for money than most men were for selling their souls for money. She called for a psychological change in the approach to the problem, and suggested that the shedding of this "false morality" was essential for such a change. Yet another member drew a distinction between what he called "pure prostitution" and some hidden and indirect forms of it which, he said, had come into vogue as a result of the "craze for film stars."

It fell to the Minister for Social Welfare to steer the debate to a more practical level, and to suggest that poverty and outdated social customs were probably the two greatest causes of the problem. What is more important and heartening, he was able to show how these two causes had been tackled, with some success, both at the Centre and in the State. Social reform had been effected in the form of a provision

for daughters to share in the property of their parents. Widow remarriage was not only being allowed, but encouraged. Rescue homes were being planned for reclaimed women. These are undoubtedly steps in the right direction and will go a long way in combating the evil of prostitution. As the economic condition of the country improves, facilities would no doubt be provided for fallen women to change over to a life of respectability and honour. A legal ban on prostitution could do little if these other conditions of society were left unremedied. The thing to do is, not to make prostitution a risky profession, but an unnecessary one.

—*Times of India*.

DHEBAR SPEAKS

The first thirty paragraphs of President Dhebar's speech at Indore are a philosophical treatise that would bear scrutiny by practitioners of abstruse discourse. We all agree that progress should not be conceived "in terms of more material prosperity," but let us be frank, and realise that no plank in the Second Five-Year Plan can be achieved through emotional appeal. The actual business of Congress had concluded in advance of the presidential sermon. Cynics may go the length of saying that proceedings so far had been an endorsement of what Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru had proud-

ly drafted for formal acceptance, like God pronouncing creation good. The first theme was the application of the Congress rubber-stamp on the election manifesto which after a few verbal changes in the Subjects Committee had been finalised, a dissertation of nearly 4,000 words of familiar exposition.

The second item in the agenda consisted of a jubilant approval of India's foreign policy formulated and implemented by the Prime Minister as the spectacular event of the year. Thirdly, there was implicit in the first theme an expression of welcome for the Second Five-Year Plan which had been already in force since April last.

Mr. Dhebar catalogues the large number of problems confronting the country in its economic development, and in praising achievements, he says that "recorded history contains few parallels of performance to equal what has been achieved in India under the Congress regime." And he pleads that "it is necessary that the people should understand the record of the service of the Congress." On the eve of the election, such an appeal ought to be impressively addressed, and with greater brevity, whereas the President's speech is tediously discursive. "War on poverty and unemployment," is a fine slogan but there are at least

6 million educated unemployed to put a query-mark at the end of the phrase. As for poverty, the latest survey of the Reserve Bank reveals that the average amount of debt borne in India by a family (which practically means an individual) is Rs. 283, or Rs. 300 as a round figure. Rightly, Mr. Dhebar dwells on the democratic obligation of ending disparities and equalising opportunities. While commending the achievements of the First Five-Year Plan, it is time that we admitted failure on the food-front after the official boast that India was on the eve of exporting cereals to famishing people abroad. Any wrong estimate of results is as dangerous as the false estimate of resources to subserve targets fancifully framed.

Officially, we are on reconstruction with heavy industries at the base, a decision which at least has got the merit of a bold and positive ambition for the people, with all its economic strain and current difficulties, but for political saints like Mr. Dhebar, the uplift contemplated for the masses does not blend well with the Sarvodaya-cum - Bhoodan programme to

which they are committed in order to prevent any coercion involved in the use of the legislative lever. "The people must be prepared," he remarks sententiously, "to utilise locally available materials wherever it is necessary." Irrespective of any solemn resolve people habitually do so. We are asked to practise "a human approach" and he contends that "the most urgent need is to reform a co-operative department." Here also the Government and the people need not be lost in any eddies of controversy because it is commonplace. In his vision, the Congress, Indian democracy, the State, and the people, are all one and the same. And so he is happy that "those who left us have joined with us." It is a monumental piece of monolithic politics.

—*Deccan Herald*.

WORDS AND WORDS

Hamlet told prosing Polonius (who was a politician) that the Prince was reading words, words and nothing but words. Whether it was an aspersion on all politicians or an innuendo on a particular politician is another matter.



THIEF (to wife): "You wait, dear, until the shops close down. I will get you a very fine sari!"

all old men is not certain. However, Hamlet's words are applicable to the politicians of this country—both young and old. The number of words spewed out daily by our politicians on topics ranging from the foreign exchange gap in the Plan to the necessity of renovating our ancient monuments is astounding. Whether Parliament is in session or not, whether political melas are held or not, the politician finds some pretext or other on which he can pompously hold forth to his helpless countrymen. If the Finance Minister is serious about discovering fresh sources of income, let him tax the politicians for the speeches they make. A very nominal rate per hundred words will raise enough money to finance the Second as well as the more ambitious Third Five-Year Plan.

It seems others in the country are following the politicians' example. Last week the women of the nation met in conference. They told their sisters what they should and should not do. They even told men what they should not do, so that women can do what they want. Who can prevent them expressing their mind? Besides their birth-right, they can now flaunt the Constitution before you in defence of their right to talk. The historians met after the women. History by itself is not very ominous but when historians run helter-skelter

in panic, men and women do become nervous, especially with a historic election in the offing.

The Ayurvedic physicians are in conference in the south of the country. The doctor and the teacher work in conjunction. They even supplement each other in a functional way. It was but natural that the doctors joined the teachers in affirming that all was wrong with the world. The rationalists who also call themselves humanists are already in conference. The middle classes are meeting in a day or two. This, we warn you, is only the beginning. If you don't want to be drowned in the flood of words, as the political parties hold their election rallies, you can migrate to Andamans.

The spoken word has always had its attraction. It is not definitely known whether it was a man or woman who uttered the first word. One thing is certain. That person must have been a politician or at least a social worker was a woman. That forces us to the inevitable conclusion on the identity of the first talker.

Even making an allowance for the avowed propensity of the expansive eastern mind to talk in turn and out of it, the most heinous vice that has to be tackled in this country is the practice of giving advice. It is essential for the success

of the Plan in the sense that talking time can be converted into working time.

—Bharat Jyoti.

NEW HOME

—(Continued from page 69)

the three boys rushed in noisily for their meals. They noticed the unusual beaming faces of their parents and wondered.

"OH, my children! We need not shift from this dear house since Grandpa has given us a fortune," Swarup cried in happiness.

"You mean grandpa has sent it from heaven mother?" asked the youngest boy.

"You silly. I've found a fortune inside the divan while repairing it today. Just think how we abused the dear soul. What shall we do now for the great wrong done to him?" Swarup asked them seriously.

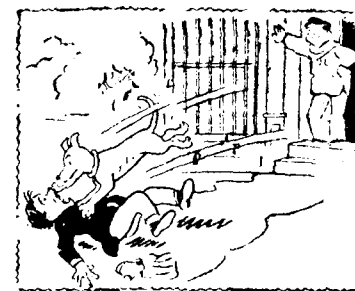
"Just forget the past and think of spending the money!" cried the youngest audaciously.

"Shut up. When we talk seriously, can't you keep quiet? We do not need your advice," said the eldest boy and looking at his mother he suggested that it would be best to enlarge his photo and place it in the hall.

"And put garlands every-day," added the second.

"All grand ideas but I suggest a good picture first thing. What is your idea? Now, now, why these unnecessary tears, Swarup?" Anand remarked on seeing that she was crying.

SWARUP had to cry at the injustice done to the memory of the kind-hearted soul. Anand smiled and said, "The greatest tribute one could offer is tears of regret. The peculiar quality of them is, that they can wash away the animosity of even a life-time in a moment. Boys, your mother has washed away the past mistake and injustice with her tears. Now, let us decide the play." Swarup could not but laugh with the others at that remark. * * *



"You must be glad that our dog has taken a liking to you!"



HOLLYWOOD'S NEW GLAMOUR GIRLS

IF a girl has talent the chances are she will get to the top in show business. If she's also lucky she may rise to fame overnight. Like Shirley Jones, the 22-year-old blonde star of "Carousel."

Her only acting experience had been second lead in rep. when she walked in on a New York agent, brandishing a letter from her singing teacher. The agent signed her. Followed ten weeks' intensive training and she stepped into the role of Laurie in the film of "Okalahoma," writes Alison Barnes in "Tit-Bits."

Darryl F. Zanuck saw the rushes and, without testing her, gave her the plum part in "Carousel."

April Kent, the sparkling daughter of June Havoc and

niece of Gypsy Rose Lee, is another girl who made the grade—in a fortnight.

Film Contract

April made a film for TV with Larry Storch, the comedian. A couple of Universal-International talent scouts saw it, liked the look of April and invited her to make a screen test in New York. Two weeks later came the offer: to give up TV and sign a film contract. She did—and you'll soon be seeing her in "The Unguarded Moment" with Esther Williams and George Nader.

Remember May Wynn, the girl who became known overnight in "The Caine Mutiny"? Actually, the transformation took about sixty minutes. Her name was Donna Lee

Hickey and she was seventeen when, after working as a chorus girl in the famous Copacabana night club for six months, she decided to try her luck in Hollywood.

Nothing much happened until she became one of a hundred girls being interviewed by Columbia for the only young feminine role in "The Caine Mutiny." In competition with a number of experienced actresses, she got into the final dozen, was given a script and told to study a scene in it for a screen test the next day. That evening she called in a friend, Peter Lawford, who rehearsed the scene with her.

Changed Her Name

Just an hour after the test was run in the projection room the decision was made: Donna Lee Hickey was to play May Wynn. She also changed her name to that of her first important screen character. But it was no flash in the pan. May Wynn is now a well-established actress, her latest picture being "The Man Is Armed."

On the other hand it's taken seven years for Vera Miles, a shapely, green-eyed blonde whom Alfred Hitchcock describes as "an earthy Grace Kelly" to get to the top. You'll soon be seeing her in "The Searchers," with John Wayne, in "23 Paces to Baker Street" opposite Van Johnson, and in "Autumn Leaves"

with Joan Crawford—which isn't bad going for a girl who never wanted to act.

She was quite happy working in a telegraph office until she started winning beauty contests—and so got to Hollywood under the first of several contracts which never produced any parts for her. Now she is under contract to Alfred Hitchcock and still studying for a degree in her spare time.

With Longest Legs

Another girl to whom fame came so suddenly that she's still pinching herself to make sure it's true is eighteen-year-old Gia Scala, an Irish-Italian beauty with chestnut hair and all the grace and poise of a ballerina. Gia was studying drama and going in for TV quiz shows in the hope of winning a cash prize to pay her tuition fees when an enterprising agent put a talent scout on to her. A world-wide hunt had been going on for four months to find someone for the role of Mary Magdalene in "The Galileans."

Gia was whisked off to Hollywood, given a screen test and—though she didn't get the part—she was signed to a long-term contract. Her first screen appearance was as the alluring daughter in "All That Heaven Allows" with Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson, and she will be seen in "Four Bright Girls."

Then there was glamorous Julie Benedict, known as "the girl with the longest legs in show business," who'd given up hope of ever getting into films because she's six feet tall, when a girl friend was wanted for the giant prize-fighter, Mike Lane, in "The Harder They Fall." Producer Mark Robson spotted the ex-Ziegfeld girl dancing at a Las Vegas club and realized she was just right. Most girls only come up to the six-foot-ten giant's waist.

Established stars—and sometimes their families, too—have a happy knack of discovering unknowns in unexpected spots. Nicole Maurey, a French charmer with auburn hair, owes her discovery for Hollywood films to Bing Crosby, who chose her to co-star with him in "Little Boy Lost," after interviewing hundreds of actresses in Paris.

Most Beautiful

Jane Howard, a pert little redhead, whom you've seen in "The Benny Goodman Story," was working as a bookkeeper and retouching artist in a photographic shop when Red Skelton wandered in to buy some film. He was so impressed with her that he arranged interviews for her at several studios. Result: an M-G-M contract and a film debut as a native girl in "The Pirate" with Gene Kelly.

It was Mario Lanza's seven-year-old daughter Col-

leen who spotted Sarita Montiel, the Latin beauty who competes with Joan Fontaine for the singer's love in "Serenade"—and wins him in the end. One Sunday morning Lanza and his four children were reading the newspapers when Colleen stopped at a picture and exclaimed, "This is one of the most beautiful girls in the world—next to Mama." Mario looked, agreed and took the picture to the studio. A check revealed that Sarita had made many Mexican and Spanish pictures and one American one, "Vera Cruz."

Quick Fame

But twenty-year-old Victoria Shaw, from Australia, must surely hold the record for quick fame. One her second day in the United States she was signed up by Columbia, immediately cast as the hero's second wife, Chiquita, in "The Eddy Duchin Story" opposite Tyrone Power, then shuttled off to New York on location.

HARD ON INDUSTRY

The most unexpected and surprising item in the new taxes announced by Shri T. T. Krishnamachari, the Finance Minister, was the rise in the import tax on cinematograph films. This tax has been raised from 4 1/2 annas per foot to 8 annas per foot, writes the Bombay correspondent of "Cine Advance."



Geeta Bali in 'Lalten'

One does not know how much difference this tax would make to the national revenue; but one does know that this tax would almost put an end to all efforts to import films from countries other than U.S.A. or Britain. For this tax would raise the price of one imported print of a foreign film from Rs. 2100/- to Rs. 4000/- calculated on an average length of 8000 ft. And with the release of non Hollywood films so difficult, it is doubtful whether economically, the importers of foreign films would find it profitable to pay the raised duty and continue their business. One of the prominent distributors who has been negotiating with several European countries told me that as a result of the increase in import duty he had decided to call off all negotiations that are not likely to be fruitful.

Surprising

The Indian producers are, however, not affected by this tax; and some of them even might welcome it. But even those producers who are making colour pictures which are processed and printed in foreign laboratories will have to bear the new levy as they too import exposed film. As a result, the cost of each colour print would go up considerably and almost become uneconomical.

In this case, at least the federation should lose no time in impressing upon the Finance

Minister the necessity of exempting the film made in India but processed abroad from the additional burden of tax.

In any case, it is surprising that our film producers who lose no opportunity of criticising the Government's taxation policy have so far not registered any protest against the new taxation on cinematograph film which also, in a way, affects them.

HERE & THERE

Musical instruments of Burma, Indonesia and Japan are to be introduced into an Indian movie orchestra as an experimental measure.

Vasant Desai will soon be going to the Far East to make a study of local musical instruments.

This experiment is for Rajkamal's "Do Anken Bara Haath."

* * *

The Story of the Blue Jackal, a juvenile film based on the folklore of Bengal, is awaiting early release.

The performers are juveniles, most of whom have appeared with animal masks.

Moni Bardhan, a noted dancer, has composed the dances, while Ranjit Roy has provided the musical score.

This 1,000-ft. short is the first of a number of children's films to be made by the State Government.



LETTERS INVITED

Readers are welcome to express their views on any subject they like. They must, however, be brief and to the point.

GOOD STORIES

Sir,

I am very fond of short stories either Hindi or English. One day I was purchasing some Hindi journal when my eyes fell on "India Magazine" kept for sale. I bought the January issue and asked the agent to get the back numbers. But he told me that all the old issues were sold out.

I must say your periodical is a good short story Magazine. Actually it gives more pleasure to the readers. If possible please set apart a separate page for questions and answers.

Banaras } Him Prasad
Hindu University. } Dhakal

FINE GET-UP

Sir,

Your Magazine meets the requirements of many readers who want 'good stuff'. For it is a lustrous package of short stories, skits, cartoons and other attractive features. The get-up is also fine. The Magazine, no doubt, is moderately priced.

One cannot but congratulate the publisher, who is presenting the readers with such a rich repast every month.

Court Peth,
Berhampur.

D. J. Patro.

Sir,

My heartiest congratulations to you on the excellence of your Magazine.

Last week, when I was going round in the Cannanight Place your Magazine cover page attracted me. So I purchased your December issue and went through it completely. In one word I must say your Magazine is very decent and it covers all the fields.

Really I spent a very nice time over it. I am determined not to miss any more issues of your Magazine.

New Delhi-5.

K.S. Raju.

TRUE WORTH

Sir,

Although with the least interest I purchased your December issue, after going through it fully, I find it is really worth so much that my words are inadequate to describe it. I have no doubt when once readers happen to go through it, they will not fail to purchase the subsequent issues.

My hearty congratulations to you.
Mangalore.

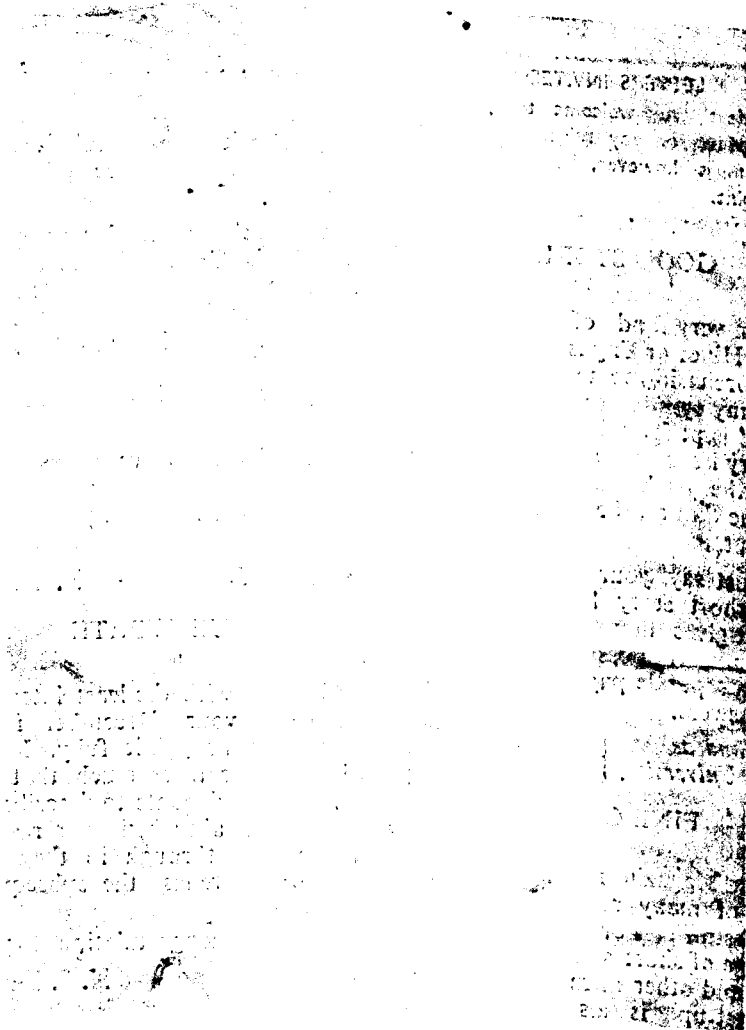
M. S. Menon.

FORCEFUL

I read your Magazine every month from March, 1956. I am pleased with the forceful language of your "India Magazine." I dare say that it will be one of the very popular publications in due course.

Tekisetipalem. P. V. Raghavulu.

TOWER OF VICTORY:



Qutab Minar